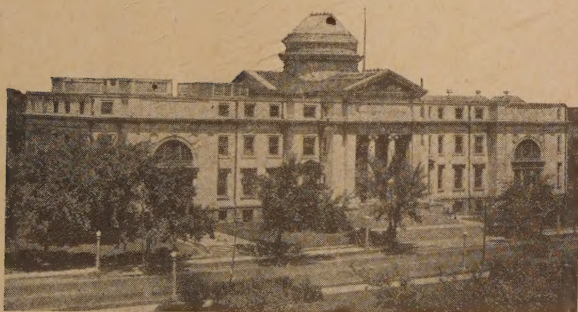


# ANNALS OF IOWA

A HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

OCTOBER, 1939



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DES MOINES, IOWA

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# IOWA STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND ARCHIVES

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ORA WILLIAMS, Curator

# ANNALS OF IOWA

ORA WILLIAMS, Editor

KENNETH E. COLTON, Assistant Editor

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# ANNALS OF IOWA

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Vol. XXII, No. 2      DES MOINES, IOWA, OCTOBER, 1939      THIRD SERIES

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## AN INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF SCOTT COUNTY, IOWA

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THE PIONEER PERIOD

1833-1865

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By

THOMAS P. CHRISTENSEN

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Scott County comprises an area of about 455 square miles or 291,200 acres.<sup>1</sup> It is bounded on the south and east by the Mississippi River and on the north mainly by the Wapsipinicon. Political considerations at the time of the organization of the county drew the southwestern boundary, giving Muscatine County two townships which geographically speaking might be said to belong to Scott.<sup>2</sup>

The Scott County banks of the Mississippi vary from narrow bottoms to bluffs of moderate height, in places breasting the main current of the river. Several islands in the Mississippi belong to Scott County. These as well as the bottoms along the Mississippi and the wider bottomlands of the Wapsipinicon are sometimes flooded.

The hills back of the Mississippi rise to heights of over a hundred feet above the river. Farther west the landscapes are dominated by a succession of low hills and gentle ravines. Such topography is frequently described as "rolling prairie." In pioneer times the open prairie was broken by a number of beautiful groves which along the creeks and rivers frequently spread out into extensive woodlands. Buffalo and Rockingham townships were heavily wooded in pioneer times and parts of them have remained so to the present day. Older maps show one solitary lake.<sup>3</sup> It is located on the bottoms along the

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<sup>1</sup>*Soil Survey of Iowa*, Report No. 9, (1919), p. 3.

<sup>2</sup>Harry E. Downer, *History of Davenport and Scott County, Iowa*, (1910), p. 338.

<sup>3</sup>A. T. Andreas, *Illustrated Historical Atlas of Iowa*, (1875), p. 165.

Wapsipinicon; and, being an ox-bow lake, was appropriately named, the Horse Shoe Pond.

Excepting minor sandy and deeply eroded tracts, Scott County has a soil of great fertility. Acidity, however, makes it necessary to add lime for the best results in farming and the use of phosphorous fertilizers is being recommended. Nearly 92 percent of the county is farmland.

The pioneers opened several coal mines in the southern part of the county near Blue Grass. The best veins were between four and six feet thick and mining was profitable throughout the 19th century, but the product was never large enough for any considerable export.

Quarries were opened in several parts of the county, but only those near Le Claire yielded any superior kind of building stone (lime stone), and the pioneers soon turned to brick-making for which there was an abundant and excellent quality of raw material near at hand.

Scott County has been the home of man for hundreds if not thousands of years. The pre-historic Indians, usually known as the Mound Builders, built mounds on the river bluffs and raised corn on the river bottoms and other easily worked tracts. They have left an abundance of bones and other relics many of which have been collected by the Davenport Academy of Science and placed on exhibition in the academy's museum. None of these relics have caused so much discussion as the famous elephant pipes found near Toolesboro, Louisa County, which, if genuine as they appear to be, point conclusively to the presence of man and mastodons in Iowa several thousand years ago.\*

The Iowa Mound Builders were probably a branch (or branches) of the Siouan people, who, before white contact, may have been forced westward and northward by the Algonkians coming from the east. This process certainly continued in historic times. After the Algonkian Chippewas, Sacs and Foxes had obtained guns from the whites they became more than the equals of the Siouans, still using bows and arrows. Accordingly the Siouans lost ground, but they continued to hold their ancestral seats in northwestern Iowa until the mid-

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\**Proceedings of the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences*, IV, (1886), p. 271.



dle of the 19th century. At the beginning of the 19th century there were Sac and Fox villages on the western banks of the Mississippi. A Fox village, named for the half-blood Morgan, was located on the site of the later city of Davenport. The war chief of this village was Maquopom, Poweshiek being the civil chief. These Indians adopted George L. Davenport, the son of Colonel George Davenport, and they permitted the half-blood Antoine Le Claire to build a house in their village early in 1833.

The Indians at the village of Morgan broke camp soon after the opening of the Black Hawk Purchase to white settlement. Thereafter, except for an occasional visit, especially to the home of Le Claire, we hear but little about them. One of their last exploits in the county was to set fire to the prairie in 1834, by which they also burned up the fence around a settler's corn field.

This area was, of course, known to the white man long before. In 1673 Father Marquette and the fur trader, Joliet, sighted the shores of what was to become Scott County. Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike and his expedition came in 1805. Within a short time thereafter the United States built two forts in the Upper Mississippi country—Fort Madison, on the site of the later city by that name, in 1808; and Fort Armstrong on Rock Island in 1816-1817. Fort Madison had to be abandoned, and was burned down during the War of 1812. Fort Armstrong ceased to be a fort in 1836, but Rock Island has continued to be federal property and ultimately became the site of a federal arsenal.

Antoine Le Claire sometimes referred to himself as the first white settler in Scott County, though he was a half-blood of a very dark complexion. By the terms of the Treaty of 1832, which closed the Black Hawk War, he received title in fee simple to a section of land on the Iowa shore opposite Rock Island and another at the head of the rapids<sup>5</sup> where in a few years the town of Le Claire was laid out. Le Claire had a wide knowledge of Indian tribes and affairs. Besides English and French he is said to have been familiar with a dozen Indian dialects of the Siouan and Algonkian languages. From

<sup>5</sup>Charles J. Kappler, *Indian Affairs*, II, p. 254.

1813 to 1843 he served as interpreter for the federal government in its dealings with the Indians, and in the same capacity he also served the fur trader, Colonel George Davenport, an Englishman formerly in the United States army, who had come as sutler with the troops to Fort Armstrong. Having given up trading with the troops, he built up an extensive Indian trade. In some years he sold goods to the Indians for upwards of \$60,000 usually on credit. In addition to this Indian trade, both Le Claire and Davenport accumulated considerable wealth by speculation in land. Le Claire is said to have owned property valued at \$100,000 and Davenport owned twice that amount.<sup>6</sup> They were the first rich men in Iowa.

Following the Black Hawk war, into which Black Hawk and his band had been led by fervent hopes of aid from other Indian tribes and especially from the British in Canada, and which resulted in the destruction of the Sacs and Foxes as a military power, a treaty was made by which a large section of eastern Iowa, the Black Hawk Purchase, was opened to white settlement in June, 1833, which included Scott County. Early in the year Le Claire built his "shanty" at the Indian village, Morgan,<sup>7</sup> upon the spot where General Scott had made the treaty with the Indians in the previous year. In the spring of 1833 Captain Benjamin W. Clark broke ground on or near the site of Buffalo and raised the first corn and vegetables ever produced by white men in the county. In the fall Roswell H. Spencer built a log cabin on the Mississippi shore in the present Pleasant Valley Township. The next year George W. Harlan built a cabin within the limits of what was to become the town of Le Claire. The sites of Princeton and Rockingham were also settled in 1834.

Anxious as the pioneers were to stake out farms, they were even more anxious to found towns. In May, 1836, Captain Clark disposed of a two-thirds interest in a 90 acre tract of land to Captain E. A. Mix and a Dr. Pillsbury of Buffalo, New York, for \$20,000 partly in cash. The three men platted the town of Buffalo, naming it for Buffalo, New York. Lots were in demand in the new town until the county lines were

<sup>6</sup>*The Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, XX, p. 42.

<sup>7</sup>Nathan H. Parker, *Iowa As It Is in 1856*, pp. 170, 171.



drawn so as to blight all hopes of it ever becoming the county seat.<sup>8</sup>

Rockingham was laid out in the spring of 1836 by a townsite company consisting of J. H. Sullivan, James Davenport, Adrian Davenport and others. In the fall of the same year the town had thirteen houses and about one hundred people, and "no village of the Far West at that day could boast of a better class of citizens . . . both on account of their high-toned moral character, their social and friendly qualities and for their kind and liberal attentions to the sick and to the stranger."

The claim upon which the original city of Davenport was laid out was made in 1833 and contended for by a Dr. Spencer and a Mr. McCloud. LeClaire who owned an adjoining section, adjusted their dispute by buying them out paying them \$100 (or \$150) for the quarter section. A townsite company was formed composed of Major William Gordon, Antoine Le Claire, George Davenport, Major Thomas Smith, Alexander McGregor, Levi S. Colton, Philip Hambaugh, and Captain James May. This company purchased the claim for \$2,000 and in the spring of 1836 it was surveyed by Major Gordon. The town was named for Col. George Davenport.

The sale of lots began at once. In May, 1836, a steamboat load of prospective buyers came up from St. Louis. The boat remained at the levee for two days during which, the passengers enjoyed the best of "eatables and drinkables." As to the lot selling business, there was one serious drawback: only squatters' titles could be given since the land had not yet been brought into the market by the United States government, but in spite of this, fifty to sixty lots were sold at prices ranging from \$300 to \$600 each. The unsold lots were divided among the stockholders and the townsite company disbanded.

Davenport began to grow up, but not so fast as Rockingham. When James Brownlee came from Scotland to Davenport in the autumn of 1838, he found it to be a "city in prospect only, one small store and one tavern with two or three board shanties and one log cabin; the tavern contained more people than all the rest of the town besides."

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<sup>8</sup>*History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1882), p. 974.

The little hamlet, nevertheless, was up and doing and already aspiring to become incorporated. The next year, 1839, it was incorporated as a town by the territorial legislature and re-incorporated in 1842.<sup>9</sup> In 1851 it became a city under a special charter from the state legislature. It is still one of the few cities in Iowa under a special charter.

Scott County, named for General Winfield Scott, was organized in 1838.<sup>10</sup> At once there was a spirited contest over the location of the county seat, Davenport and Rockingham being the chief aspirants, each town claiming superior advantages.<sup>11</sup> Davenport was "high and dry" above the Mississippi and had a central location. Rockingham prided itself upon its favorable location for river traffic, being situated opposite the mouth of the Rock River in Illinois, its big saw and flour mill, its excellent hotel, and the moral tone and educational acquirements of its people.

In the contest both towns resorted to "tall doings," such as stuffing the ballot box, false oaths, and the importation of voters. Rockingham claimed victory in the first election and became temporarily the county seat but Davenport at once renewed the contest, and after two stubborn fights eventually won, mainly by the introduction of an economic factor of virtually immediate cash value: in the event of Davenport becoming the county seat Antoine Le Claire, George Davenport and others offered to build at an approximate cost of about \$6,000 a jail and courthouse to be presented as a gift to the new county. The economic factor proved effective and by the third and final election Davenport became the permanent seat of local justice.

Willard Barrows, a local historian writing in 1860, sums up the contest: "The battle was long and spirited. The contending parties withdrew from the bloodless field with happy triumph, each having outgeneraled the other, and found that even when a victory was won the laurels are not always sure. A peace treaty was held at Rockingham Hotel in the winter of 1840, where the most prominent actors in the last scenes

<sup>9</sup>*Laws of Iowa, 1838-1839*, p. 265.

<sup>10</sup>August P. Richter *Geschichte der Stadt Davenport und des County Scott*, (1917), pp. 108-117.

<sup>11</sup>Other contestants were Buffalo and Winfield, the latter a proposed town near the mouth of Duck Creek; and Sloperville, the "geographical center" of the county.

met as mutual friends; and buried the hatchet forever, ratifying the treaty as it was called, by a grand ball, where more than forty couples mingled in the dance and seemed to forget at once all the strife and bickerings of the past, and seal their friendship anew with earnest and willing hearts. During the whole of this controversy, singular as it may appear, the utmost good feeling and gentlemanly conduct prevailed. No personal feuds grew out of it, and to this day, it is often the source of much merriment among the old settlers, and is looked upon as only the freaks and follies of a frontier life."

Rockingham, however, did not long survive the defeat. In a few years its post office was closed and only three or four families were left of the former "happy, happy band on the banks of Rockingham."

The town of Le Claire was laid out in 1837. Princeton began to grow up at the same time, although the first recorded plat of the latter dates from 1853.<sup>12</sup> Other pioneer towns rose and some fell. Mississippi City and Bethany became East Davenport. Parkhurst became a part of Le Claire and the combination gave Island City a permanent setback. Pinnacle Point yielded to Princeton which also absorbed Elizabeth City, Gilbert, or Gilberttown, in the present century grew into Bettendorf. In the interior Pleasant Point and Sloperville did not get beyond the initial stage. Big Rock, Maysville, Dixon, Blue Grass, and Walcott are still thriving towns.

Although there were no white settlers in Scott County in 1832, in 1840 the population of Davenport and Scott County were respectively about 600 and 2,140; and in 1850, 1,848 and 5,986. The large immigration and general prosperity of the early and middle fifties brought these figures up to about 11,500 for the city and 21,521 for the county in 1857. In March, 1858, the population of Davenport had risen to 16,677 and of Princeton and Le Claire to approximately 1,000 and 1,800. The depression of the late fifties caused a sharp decline in these figures from which Princeton and Le Claire never fully recovered. Davenport had 12,113 inhabitants in 1862 and Scott County 26,113.

All the states of the Union excepting Florida, Arkansas,

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<sup>12</sup>*History of Scott County, Iowa*, p. 1205.



Texas, and California contributed their quotas to the population of Scott County in pioneer times. Of the southern states, Virginia and Kentucky contributed most, but the majority of the native-born pioneers came from the northern states especially Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio. Cincinnatians were so numerous in early Davenport that it was sometimes spoken of as a Cincinnati colony.<sup>13</sup>

Most of the countries of western Europe were represented among the pioneers of the forties and fifties. There were smaller numbers of Hollanders, Hungarians, Scandinavians, Bohemians, Scotchmen, Englishmen, and Frenchmen. The Frenchmen were given a hearty welcome by Antoine Le Claire some of whom were employed by him. The Hungarians were mostly political refugees of whom only a few stayed permanently. The largest groups of foreign-born were the Irish (Free State) and the Germans, and of the Germans again the Schleswig-Holsteiners. So many Schleswig-Holsteiners settled in Scott County in the fifties that it has sometimes been referred to as a new Schleswig-Holstein.<sup>14</sup>

#### TRANSPORTATION

The early explorers and military leaders going by water to the Northwest used mainly pirogues and keelboats. Colonel George Davenport in his dealings with the Indians and miners regularly sent keelboats up the river with cargoes of gingham, sugar, powder, and rum; bringing back furs and lead and later grain.<sup>15</sup>

Flat boats, which played such an important part in the economic life of the settlers in the Ohio Valley, also played their part in the life of the early Iowa pioneers. Ambrose C. Fulton, a distant relative of the inventor Robert Fulton, in 1842 loaded the first flat boat with produce for the New Orleans market that ever cleared from the port of Davenport.<sup>16</sup> In

<sup>13</sup>J. M. D. Burrows, *Fifty Years in Iowa*, (1888), p. 2.

<sup>14</sup>Schleswig (Danish Slesvig) was originally a part of Denmark and remained so until 1864. Holstein was always a part of Germany even when ruled by the Danish kings. In 1326 the two provinces were united in a permanent union, though each retained to a certain extent its separate identity, and thus they were ruled by the Danish kings until 1864.

In 1848 the German Schleswigers and the Holsteiners rose against Denmark in an attempt to set up an autonomous state under the German Confederation. They failed in this, but in 1866 Schleswig-Holstein became a part of Prussia. Northern Schleswig was reunited with Denmark after the World War.

<sup>15</sup>Mildred L. Hartsough, *From Canoe to Steel Barge on the Upper Mississippi*, (1934), pp. 31, 32.

<sup>16</sup>*History of Scott County, Iowa*, p. 836.

1844, Jesse L. Henley, desiring to try out the Southern market, loaded a flatboat with onions, potatoes, and oats, which he floated down to New Orleans. He returned on the steamboat *Alexander Scott*, having sustained a loss of \$75 for the entire trip. The same year J.M.D. Burrows sent a flotilla of two flat boats to New Orleans, loaded with pork, bacon, lard, beans, oats, corn, brooms, and potatoes. The smaller of these boats had been built in Le Claire; and the larger, which was "the largest and best flat boat that was ever at our landing" was built in Davenport. While Burrows was on the way down the river prices on farm produce fell and he had to sell his cargoes at ruinously low prices. The potatoes, for which he had paid fifty cents a bushel, he sold to a Bermuda captain at eight cents a bushel, having to take coffee in payment at that.

In the early forties a third kind of river craft began to crowd the waters of the Upper Mississippi, namely the log raft. Jesse L. Henley and his associates brought the first raft of logs from the pineries of Wisconsin to this part of the Upper Mississippi country; this particular raft, containing 1,500 logs, going to Moline, Illinois.<sup>17</sup> Rafting became a common method of transporting both logs and sawed lumber down the river. Ultimately the rafts were pushed by steamboats.

The *Virginia*, the first steamboat to lay to at the island of Rock Island, arrived there in 1823. The event marked the beginning of the City of Rock Island (first called Stephenson) as an important river port and a distributing point for settlers going into the Northwest. In the following decades several steamship lines had their headquarters here. Tri-weekly packets ran from Rock Island to Keokuk; and daily to Muscatine, Iowa, and to Galena, Illinois, during the middle fifties. Other lines operated from Davenport. River pilots made their homes there as well as in Buffalo and Le Claire. At the latter place still stands the famous elm tree which shaded and sheltered river pilots, waiting for their chance on boats in need of expert service in going through the rapids between Le Claire and Davenport.<sup>18</sup>

When the water was very low in the river, even this expert

<sup>17</sup>*Biographical History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1895), p. 144.

<sup>18</sup>Fritiof M. Fryxell, *The Green Tree*, (1931).

service was without avail to carry the boats through. Freight, destined beyond these points, then had to be carried by wagons around the rapids.

There were no bridges across the Mississippi before 1856. All freight and passengers accordingly going west of the river had to be taken across on ferries. Colonel George Davenport began to operate a ferry in 1825 between the Illinois and Iowa shores. At that time it was the only ferry on the Mississippi for a distance of 500 miles. In 1834 Antoine Le Claire established a ferry line, using at first flatboats. Before long there were ferries operated from almost every little town, and would-be town, on the Scott County shore.

Owners of ferries, whether on the Mississippi or the Wapsipinicon, had to obtain licenses from the county and to charge fixed rates. On the Wapsipinicon the rates were only one-third of those on the Mississippi. Double rates were charged after 8 P. M.

Antoine Le Claire sold his boats and franchise to John Wilson in 1837. Wilson put a steam ferry on the Mississippi in 1842, but it was not used regularly until ten years later. To Wilson also is due the honor of having introduced the steel triangle. When this was pounded with a wooden club it might incidentally awaken the whole town, but in any event was sure to bring out the ferry-men.

During the middle fifties the ferry business shared in the current general prosperity. Some good-sized fortunes were made and several ferry-men retired in comfortable financial circumstances.

The county commissioners gave the development of land communications an impetus in 1838 by dividing the county into eleven road districts. Much attention was subsequently given to the laying out of roads, and some to road and bridge building. Usually the new roads followed the section lines, but several of the main pioneer roads radiated out diagonally from Davenport and came to be known by such names as the River Road, Lost Grove Road, Utica Ridge Road, Long Grove Road, Allen's Grove Road, Hickory Grove Road, and Blue Grass Road.



Poor as these roads may have been, they facilitated land transportation. The covered wagons of the new settlers followed them as did the lighter vehicles of travellers and joy riders. Regular stages in connection with and supplementary to the advancing railroads became profitable. Bennett and Lyter began to run stages from Davenport to Dubuque and Burlington in 1844. In the fifties the "Frink and Walker" line ran daily four-horse mail coaches between Davenport and points to the west. Later still, the Western Stage Company ran coaches tri-weekly between Davenport and Dubuque. Other lines operated between Davenport and DeWitt; and Davenport and Lyons.

Meanwhile Iowa had become railroad-minded. Already in 1842 A. C. Fulton had examined the bed of the Mississippi at Davenport and finding it suitable for a railroad bridge had enthusiastically advocated that both a bridge and a transcontinental railroad be built. Three years later Alfred Sanders, the editor of the *Gazette*, "urged the building of this road and argued its importance and the feasibility of bridging at this point. Fulton and Sanders were ahead of the times, but each lived to see the fruition of their hopes."

Nor was fruition long on the way. The very atmosphere was soon buzzing with railroad projects. In 1847 the Illinois legislature incorporated the Rock Island and La Salle Railroad Company to build a railroad between Rock Island and La Salle. In 1851 this company reorganized as the Chicago and Rock Island Company with a capital of not to exceed \$3,000,000. Meanwhile several railroad companies had been organized in Iowa. In 1850 the Davenport and Iowa City Railroad Company incorporated under Iowa law.<sup>19</sup> Two years later this company sold its "rights, franchises, and muni-ments" to another Iowa company, the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company, incorporated in 1852, to some extent by the same men and interests that controlled the Chicago and Rock Island Company. James Grant of Davenport was president of the Rock Island and La Salle, and vice-president of the Chicago and Rock Island. Ebenezer Cook of Davenport was one of the directors of each of these two companies, and final-

<sup>19</sup>*History of Johnson County*, (1883), p. 237.

ly became vice-president of the Mississippi and Missouri Company of which also Hiram Price of Davenport was treasurer.

The articles of incorporation fixed the capital of the latter company at \$3,000,000 in shares of \$100 each. Only five percent of the amount subscribed, however, had to be paid at once. The remainder might be paid in installments of not more than twenty percent at intervals of not less than three months. The company's indebtedness was not to exceed \$4,000,000.

In September, 1853, an election was held in Scott County on the question whether the county should buy stock in the new railroad. There were 309 votes cast and out of these all but two were favorable. The amount of stock taken by the county was \$50,000, but the city of Davenport took \$75,000 and individuals \$100,000 more.<sup>20</sup>

The Illinois company had its road built to Rock Island by 1854. The Iowa company began construction in 1853 and in the autumn of 1855 trains were running out of Davenport. The first station (siding) west of Davenport was named Farnam and the second Walcott, in honor of Henry Farnam the chief engineer; and William Walcott, one of the directors of the company.

The building of these railroads made the question of bridging the Mississippi acute. But who should build it? The Iowa company was authorized to build a railroad with the necessary bridges from the eastern boundary of Iowa, which, strictly speaking is the middle of the main channel of the Mississippi, to Council Bluffs.<sup>21</sup> But the Illinois company had no such implied powers to build its part of the bridge. The two companies, however, being interested in the project found a way out of the difficulty by incorporating in Illinois, a separate company, the Railroad Bridge Company, the bonds of which were guaranteed by both companies. The bridge was built at a cost of about \$500,000 and opened for traffic in the spring of 1856.

On April 23, 1856, *The Gazette* wrote:

The 21st day of April, 1856, can be set down as the beginning of a new era in the history of Davenport, as on that day the first

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<sup>20</sup>Downer, *op. cit.*, I, p. 196.

<sup>21</sup>*Iowa Historical Record*, "The Pioneer Railroad of Iowa," XIII, (1897), p. 129.

locomotive crossed the great bridge which spans the Mississippi River at this point. The event occurred at dusk in the evening, very few persons being eye witnesses, the company, with their proverbial silence in regard to their operations, having kept everything quiet in relation to the matter. Slowly the locomotive Des Moines proceeded on the bridge, very cautiously crossed the draw, and then with accelerated speed rushed on to the Iowa shore where it was welcomed by the huzzas of those who had there assembled to witness the event.

The last link is now forged in the chain that connects Iowa and the great west with the states of the Atlantic seaboard. The iron band that will span our hemisphere has been welded at Davenport; one mighty barrier has been overcome; the Missouri is yet to be crossed and then the locomotive will speed onward to the Pacific.

Who can conjecture the effect of the completion of the road upon the city of Davenport! As it (the railroad) progresses business must continue to augment, and when at last a communication is effected with the distant and wealthy state of California, how vastly must that business increase. There is a future for Iowa that promises to make her the brightest star in the galaxy of states.

The bridge was made up of three parts—a bridge connecting Davenport and the island, a track across the island, and another bridge connecting the island and the City of Rock Island. Each bridge consisted of a wooden structure resting on stone piers. A draw in the middle of the bridge between Davenport and the island permitted the steamboats to pass up and down the river.

It could not be denied that the bridge would be somewhat of an obstacle to river traffic. Would it be a very serious one? The steamboat lines thought so and loudly protested that their investments were at stake. Southern sectionalism intensified commercial protestations, and political implications were unavoidable. The bridge, as an important part of the first transcontinental railroad, would give the North an advantage over the South in the development of the West—that West of which a large part had just recently been won by the united efforts and sacrifices of the whole country. Few, too few, saw that it might have been possible to have built one transcontinental railroad for the North and another for the South.

When the bridge company asked for a right-of-way across the island, Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, advised against it, and ordered trespassers off the island. Further-



more, he instructed the United States district attorney for the northern district of Illinois to apply for an injunction against the construction of a railroad across the island and of bridges across the river, but the court overruled the demand for the injunction and the bridge company proceeded with the construction of the bridge.

Jefferson Davis had appeared on the stage. Would Abraham Lincoln soon be there too?

Only fourteen days after the first train had gone across the bridge, the steamboat *Effie Afton* struck one of the piers in going through the draw. The boat caught fire and burned a part of the bridge. The owners of the boat promptly brought suit against the bridge company. The latter engaged Abraham Lincoln to represent it. The case was tried in the United States Circuit Court for Iowa in September, 1857. In his defense Lincoln pointed out that 12,586 freight cars and 74,179 passengers had passed over the bridge while the river below had been closed to navigation and of no use for transportation for four months of the year. He further contended that with due skill and care on the part of pilots and captains the bridge was no serious obstacle to river navigation. Enough of the jurymen were impressed by his arguments to prevent them from rendering a unanimous verdict, and the case was accordingly dismissed.<sup>22</sup>

But in a suit against the Mississippi and Missouri Company brought by a St. Louis steamboat owner in 1858, a United States district court declared the bridge a common nuisance and ordered it removed on the Iowa side. This decision was reversed by the United States Supreme Court in 1862, and so at last the bridge stood secure.<sup>23</sup> With pardonable pride the

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<sup>22</sup>F. J. Nevins *Seventy Years of Service*, (1922), pp. 18, 19. Concerning the origin of the fire, Nevins queries: "Who can tell the true story of the *Effie Afton*, that Louisville-New Orleans packet sent north from St. Louis on her first trip? Who can describe the impelling thought that controlled this boat on the morning of May 6th—fourteen days after the crossing of the first train—when the boat proceeded some two hundred feet above the draw pier and then, one of her side wheels stopping, she swung in against the bridge? Who can tell just how the stove tipped over that set fire to the boat and which in its burning, destroyed the span where it struck? Is it possible that Parker, the pilot, might solve the riddle were he here?"

There is, however, no direct evidence that the burning of the bridge span was an act of an incendiary, as Mr. Nevins suggests. But infuriated raftsmen once tried to burn the bridge. See *The History of Clinton County, Iowa*, (1879), p. 499. Another attempt to set the bridge on fire in 1859 is mentioned by Willard Barrows in *The Annals of Iowa*, First Series, I, p. 153.

<sup>23</sup>*United States Reports*, LXVII, (1862), pp. 486, 496.

people of Davenport began to look upon their city as the "Beginning of the West."

Traffic over the new railroad went on briskly for a few years with two daily passenger trains between Davenport and Iowa City. When times became hard the trains were mixed to accommodate both passengers and freight. Construction work continued but at a slower pace. The main line reached Marengo in 1860 and Kellogg, forty miles from Des Moines, in 1865.

In the later fifties a desperate attempt was made to restore prosperity by voting several bond issues to promote the building of railroads to the north and the northwest and to continue the building of the main line of the Mississippi and Missouri. Scott County voted sums aggregating \$600,000. One issue was blocked by an injunction, and the other was declared unconstitutional, null, and void. A number of the voters probably had been motivated by a desire to give the unemployed work.<sup>24</sup>

### FARMING

The pioneer farmers and the pioneer town-builders kept a pretty even pace. This is evidenced by the progress of rural and urban political organization. Scott County, originally a part of Dubuque County, was organized in 1838 and Davenport was incorporated as a town in 1839 and as a city in 1851. From 1838 to 1851 the county was administered by a board of county commissioners. A county judge exercised about the same powers as the county commissioners from 1851 to 1861. In the latter year the present system of county supervisors was introduced. This is still in use though in a somewhat modified form.

By 1843 the farmers had spread out sufficiently to warrant the board of county commissioners in dividing the whole county into townships. Changes were later made in names and boundaries of the townships but with the exception of the creation of the City of Davenport Township in 1875 and

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<sup>24</sup>Downer, *op. cit.*, I, p. 911; August P. Richter, "A True History of Scott County" in the *Davenport Democrat*, 1920-1922, October 10, 17, 1920.

subsequent additions to it, no changes in boundaries have been made since 1866.<sup>25</sup>

The impatient squatters on the American frontier surged out over the public domain before any survey could be made. This was also the case in Scott County where the federal survey was not completed until 1837. The first public land sale in this part of the territory, held at Dubuque, did not occur until 1840. Up to that time all lot-holders and claim-holders held title to their lots and farms by the precarious but temporarily effective authority which squatter sovereignty exercised through a claim society—except those who had purchased lots from Antoine Le Claire in the sections to which he obtained clear title by the treaty of 1832.

A claim society, organized in March, 1837, allowed each squatter to stake off areas of not more than 320 acres, which, when registered with the society and improved according to its rules, was protected by it against any attempt to "jump" the claim.<sup>26</sup> Though there were some instances of claim jumping, this protection was usually effective. The society further protected the squatter at the federal land sale, as the following quotation will show, against speculators who might attempt to purchase the claim when the squatter had no money to buy or by bidding more than \$1.25 per acre at which price the squatter expected to purchase:

The land in this section was advertised for sale at Dubuque in 1839, but the sale was adjourned until July, 1840. There was a meeting largely attended by the settlers along the Wapsipinicon held at the house of Jacob Heller, in June, 1840, for the purpose of self-protection at the sale. Resolutions were passed, and James McIntosh selected as bidder for Scott and part of Clinton Counties. This was necessary as but few had the money to pay for their land, and there were plenty of sharks ready to take their improvements. The plan was for the settlers to attend the sale *en masse*, give the number of his land to the bidder, and when the auctioneer called that number the bidder let it pass,<sup>27</sup> but if a speculator was to bid, he was to be settled with on the spot. Only one had the temerity to bid on a claim belonging to another. The words had hardly passed his lips before he was lifted over the heads of the crowd and passed out of

<sup>25</sup>Richter, *Geschichte der Stadt Davenport und des County Scott*, (1917), pp. 202, 369, 372.

<sup>26</sup>Franc B. Wilkie, *Davenport Past and Present*, (1858), p. 51.

<sup>27</sup>And the land would not be sold until later when the occupant had the money to buy it.



Iowa in a hurry, and when they pitched him on Illinois soil he was in a demoralized condition.<sup>28</sup>

Some squatters turned speculators themselves, taking claims, selling them; and then repeating the process. Others, in spite of the claim society, managed to take and hold several claims. A number of the early settlers finally held considerable tracts of land, some owning a section or more.

For a number of years only a small percentage of the land could be cultivated and much of it remained unimproved until after the Civil War. In 1865 there were 40,000 acres of unimproved land held by residents and 125,000 acres held by non-residents.<sup>29</sup> Thus more than half of the total area of the county remained unimproved at the close of the Pioneer Period.

The squatters and early settlers built log cabins and broke the prairie. Breaking the prairie was "no snap," but work requiring strength and skill and frequently done by men who made it their special business. The cost of breaking ranged from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per acre.<sup>30</sup>

Sod corn, potatoes, and vegetables could be raised the first year, but spring wheat soon became the chief money crop. The first wheat in Scott County was raised in 1837. Three years later a load of wheat was sold in Davenport, and a shipment was sent to Cincinnati in 1841 selling at from 50 to 56 cents a bushel. Wheat yielded well, yields of from thirty to forty bushels per acre are reported, but half as much was considered a good crop. Wheat production increased rapidly in the forties and fifties. The amount of wheat shipped out jumped from 100,000 bushels in 1844 to 454,000 bushels in 1855-1856. Most of the wheat shipped East after 1854 went by rail. Prices were high on account of the Crimean War (1854-1856), topping at one time \$2.25 a bushel in New York City.<sup>31</sup> But prices fell as soon as the war closed.

Corn in general was the farmers' main standby, however. Next came oats, wheat, barley, potatoes, and other vegetables. Large quantities of potatoes, beans, and onions were raised on

<sup>28</sup>*History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1882), p. 1151.

<sup>29</sup>Wm. Duane Wilson, *Description of Iowa and Its Resources*, (1865), p. 20.

<sup>30</sup>*Ibid.*; *The Annals of Iowa*, First Series, I, p. 44.

<sup>31</sup>Burrows, *Fifty Years in Iowa*, (1888), p. 128.

the sandy tracts in the eastern part of the county. The pioneer farmers were alive to the value of new methods of cultivation, crops, and stock. They attempted to raise tobacco, pears, and peaches. In 1840 a Quaker introduced apple culture and Rockingham Township became noted for its fine apples. Successful experiments were made with drainage, hedges, sorghum, Hungarian grass, and timothy—blue grass was there when the pioneers came. A few farmers introduced blooded stock—horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs. The Civil War stimulated wool production and the establishment of a woollen mill in Davenport gave the sheep farmers a local market for wool.

Scott County farmers organized their first agricultural society in 1840. Adequate support appears lacking, for a new society was formed in 1853, which conducted a fair the following year. At this premiums were awarded to the amount of \$217. In the course of 1854 the Fair Ground Association of Scott County incorporated and purchased eight acres of land near Davenport.<sup>32</sup> A growing interest in gardens and orchards brought forth a horticultural society in 1859. This society also held fairs.

The Scotch farmers of Winfield Township organized a plowing society in 1858. The general aim of the organization was to "promote a more thorough and efficient system of cultivation of the soil by the best approved methods." Members of the society frequently took prizes at State and county fairs and the interest in the society was strong as long as the older members continued active.

Soil, weather, and cultivation are the chief factors of agricultural production. Man controls cultivation and to some extent the fertility of the soil. Weather is an uncontrollable factor. In pioneer times, as ever since, mild and cold winters, dry and wet summers, and more normal seasons have alternated in irregular and unpredictable fashion.

The pioneer farmers suffered as much if not more from wet weather than dry. The spring of 1851 was very wet, but the summer was dry. The summer of 1854 was hot and dry. The summer of 1858 was so wet that the wheat crop was almost a total failure. The corn crop was better, but still small. The

<sup>32</sup>*Fourth Annual Report of the Iowa State Agricultural Society, 1857, pp. 406, 407.*

summer of 1861 was very dry and that of 1862 so wet that wheat yielded on an average but seven bushels to the acre. The crops suffered from drouths in 1863 and 1864 and from wet weather in 1865.

Several winters were unusually severe, so much so that they gave point to the proverbial idea of severe old-time winters. The winter of 1842-1843 was one of the coldest on record. The Mississippi closed on November 26, 1842, and did not open until April 8, 1843. *The Dubuque Express* wrote that for four months, excepting about twelve days, the mercury had not been less than twenty degrees below and for several weeks it ranged between thirty-five and thirty-nine below zero. "Many cattle died for want of provender."

The winter 1848-1849 was very cold, and that of 1854-1855 was first mild and then cold. On January 2, 1855, the frost was out of the ground and the farmers were plowing. Then it turned bitterly cold and stayed cold until spring. The winter 1856-1857 was cold and snowy. A crust formed on the snow and made travel very difficult.

On July 20, 1854, a tornado tore up trees and unroofed houses. One life was lost. A slight earthquake occurred in December, 1842.<sup>33</sup> It may truly be said that this portion of pioneer Iowa had, as the Yankee saying puts it, "considerable weather."

#### RETAIL BUSINESS

The pioneer turned his hand readily to anything that promised returns: not only farming, ferrying, steamboating, but merchandising, banking, and manufacturing as well. The career of J.M.D. (John McDowell) Burrows, one of early Davenport's prominent business men, illustrates this. Burrows was born in New York City. At the age of fourteen he removed with his family to Cincinnati. As a youth of seventeen he entered Lane Theological Seminary, but concluded after two years of study that he lacked several essential qualifications for success in the ministry, and took up the trade of wood-turning at which he worked until he went West in 1838. Near Davenport he bought a tract of 40 acres of land for \$250.

<sup>33</sup>Weather data mainly from *History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1882), pp. 665-670, 709-714, and the reports of the Iowa State Agricultural Society, 1856-65.



Farther out on the prairie he took a claim of 320 acres. To protect himself against claim jumpers he hired a man to plow several furrows around the land, paying him \$15.00 for the work—exactly the amount for which he sold the half section two years later. In the spring of 1839 he began to farm on the smaller tract. The prospects for a good crop were bright until just before harvest when the entire crop was destroyed by cattle roaming at will over the prairie. Deciding then to go into merchandising, Burrows built a log store in Davenport and there he began a general store in partnership with Robert M. Prettyman.<sup>34</sup>

To promote their retail business it became profitable for them to go into forwarding and manufacturing. The absence of local banks before 1847 and subsequent monetary needs of the community put them into the business of banking. Burrows and Prettyman were not, however, the first retail merchants in Davenport, nor in Scott County. So far as the county is concerned, that honor belongs to a Mr. Lynd, who in 1834 began merchandising in Buffalo, also known in pioneer times as West Buffalo. This town had three stores in 1855. By 1838 Rockingham had become the leading town in the county with its half-dozen or more stores, some whiskey shops, and the best hotel on the Upper Mississippi.

The first hotel in Davenport was opened in 1836 by Edward Powers in a building put up by Colonel George Davenport and Antoine Le Claire. It was known as the Davenport Hotel. In June of the same year John Litch, an old sea captain from Newburyport, New Hampshire, opened the first saloon and store in Davenport. This became a very popular resort, for Litch was an adept in mixing and concocting drinks—punches, cobblers, juleps, and cocktails, all made from whiskey and all very appealing to frontier palates. That the matter of license was probably contrary to his convictions of justice may be judged from the circumstance that “he was on more than one occasion taken in hand by the board of county commissioners.” In October, 1836, James McIntosh offered a small stock of goods for sale in a log house built by Le Claire; and in Decem-

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<sup>34</sup>*History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1882), pp. 811, 812; *The Annals of Iowa*, *op. cit.*, pp. 104-113.

ber following, D. C. Eldridge opened a larger establishment with a well-assorted general stock of merchandise.<sup>35</sup>

For several years progress was slow. We hear, however, of a millinery shop being opened by Miss M. C. Cooper of Baltimore and a watch and jewelry shop by R. H. Kinney in 1838. Another watch and jewelry shop, a harness shop, a "butcher's stall," and a shoe store are mentioned in 1841.<sup>36</sup> Real progress came in the later forties and especially in the booming mid-fifties. The city directory of Davenport for 1858 presents a truly imposing array of retail establishments for so young a town. Counting hotels and other places serving food; shops such as boot and shoe shops, tailor shops, etc., where there were both retailing and manufacturing, Davenport in 1858 supported over four hundred retail establishments. Of these sixty-eight were saloons, twenty-four lager beer saloons, three ice cream saloons, thirty-one boarding houses, seventeen hotels, sixty-two groceries, fourteen dry goods stores, seventeen clothing stores, fourteen lumber yards, four furniture stores, seven drug stores, five millinery shops, seven book and stationery stores. Of the rest may be mentioned six country stores, two coal dealers, one ice dealer, three restaurants, and one Yankee notions store.

A. H. Davenport and Samuel Lyter of Rockingham became the pioneer merchants of Le Claire where they began retailing groceries and dry goods in February, 1837. Soon there were also stores at Parkhurst, Princeton and Pinnacle Point. In a few years Le Claire absorbed Parkhurst, Princeton did the same to Pinnacle Point. The business establishments of Le Claire in 1855 included eleven dry goods stores, two clothing stores, one hardware store, one boot and shoe store, one tailor shop, two shoe shops, five hotels, and "candy shops and oyster saloons in any quantity." In Princeton there were four boot and shoe shops, two tailor shops, seven general stores, one drug store, and two "public houses" (hotels) in 1859.<sup>37</sup>

Other early trading centers on the banks of the Mississippi were Valley City and Gilbert. In the interior of the county

<sup>35</sup>Wilkie, *op. cit.*, pp. 33-35; *History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1882), pp. 720, 792, 1205.

<sup>36</sup>Wilkie, *op. cit.*, p. 96; *The Annals of Iowa*, *op. cit.*, p. 67.

<sup>37</sup>Downer, *op. cit.*, pp. 259, 260, 265, 266.

there were trading centers at Big Rock, Allen's Grove, Dixon, Mount Joy, New Liberty, Amity, Maysville, Round Grove, Blue Grass, and Walcott. Most of these places had a post office,<sup>38</sup> a general store, perhaps a hotel, and one or more mechanics' shops. At Blue Grass there was also a drug store, but no "grog shop was allowed" in that town.

Pioneer retail stores were owned and operated by single proprietors or partnerships. Some stores grew to such proportions that clerks had to be employed and sometimes bookkeepers. Lady clerks were rare.<sup>39</sup> All worked long hours. The stores would occasionally be open until midnight.

Advertising in the local press was being resorted to in an increasing degree to boost business. The merchants also used various other methods to attract customers. One favored method before prohibition was to give customers free drinks of whiskey. Burrows and Prettyman never did, and some people refused to trade with them on that account.

A temperance movement had begun to gain momentum in the county in the late thirties. In 1839 the Reverend Asa Turner of Denmark, Lee County, who might justly be called a latter-day Puritan, organized a total abstinence society in Davenport. The mayor of the city was president, and among its members were such noted Iowa temperance workers as Hiram Price, David S. True, and John L. Davies, who became the authors of the prohibitory law of 1855.

Locally the society had such an influence that the *Davenport Gazette* a few years later wrote that a visitor had searched all over town without being able to find a drop of whiskey. "Cold water has become all the go here," this paper exulted in 1846.

Under the local option law of 1847 all the counties of the state except Keokuk voted against licensing retail liquor establishments, which at that time were officially known as "groceries." The whole state by a large majority approved the prohibitory law of 1855. Davenport gave a majority against this law, but it was approved by the county as a whole.<sup>40</sup>

The prohibitory law of 1855 went into effect July 1, 1855.

<sup>38</sup>There is a list of early Iowa post offices in *Census of Iowa*, 1867, pp. 106-114.

<sup>39</sup>*History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1882), p. 912.

<sup>40</sup>August P. Richter *Geschichte der Stadt Davenport und des County Scott*, (1917), p. 662.



There were rumors that enforcement would be resisted. Certain prohibitionists feared that their property and lives were in danger and prepared to defend themselves by borrowing some muskets and a cannon from a local military company. Feelings grew more tense when the authorities, charging illegal possession, seized a quantity of liquor. Twice crowds gathered in the streets, the prohibitionists led by the city marshal and a town constable; the antis by a German-American who had been an officer in the Mexican War. But an actual clash was avoided each time. The second time the crowds were dispersed by the sheriff, who announced to the embattled hosts that he had the sole right to call out a posse to suppress riots.<sup>41</sup>

These were not the only incidents in the Davenport "whiskey rebellion." More liquor was seized by the authorities during the summer of 1855, and this again was followed by an angry demonstration of a crowd of anti-prohibitionists. Strange weapons were in evidence on this occasion such as pitchforks and ancient muskets. In making the arrest of the leader of the demonstration, the sheriff received a severe blow on the head from a club.<sup>42</sup>

The acts of 1847 and 1855 were both ill-considered and impractical and could not be enforced. The act of 1855 contained loopholes and exemptions enough to permit the liquor business to continue, in a fashion, openly and under cover. This act permitted the manufacture of cider and wine from home-grown products and the sale of these beverages in quantities of five gallons or more. Soon beer was also added to the exempted liquors, and thus modified the act of 1855 was no bar to the retailing of alcoholic liquors in general. The pioneer tavern, grog or whiskey shop, however, did not come back, but the saloon came in. The city directory of 1856, published immediately after the approval of the act of 1855, lists three billiard saloons and nine ice cream saloons, but no regular saloons. The city directory of 1858, published about the time of the modification of the act of 1855, lists three ice cream saloons, twenty-four lager beer saloons, and sixty-eight regular saloons.

<sup>41</sup>Conflicting accounts of this are given by B. F. Gue in *The Annals of Iowa*, Third Series, I, pp. 590-593; and by August P. Richter, *op. cit.*, pp. 665-668.

<sup>42</sup>Downer, *op. cit.*, p. 976.

The defeat of prohibition came about to a great extent as a result of the contemporary influx of Irish and German immigrants who became the major element in the population of Scott County—and in some other counties. The Irish were Catholics, the Germans, Catholics and Lutherans, or liberals without any church connection. The latter group generally opposed prohibition and neither the Catholic nor the Lutheran Church took the definite stand against the use of alcoholic beverages that the Calvinistic Churches did. Moreover, there were ardent nationalists among these German liberals, some of whom had fought for a free and independent Schleswig-Holstein, and their fiery spirits rebelled against anything that savored of oppression. To them prohibition was just another form of tyranny, and their political affiliations were made accordingly.

The Republican party came into being at the same time that Iowa made the first experiment with state-wide prohibition. Leading Republicans were also leading prohibitionists, but as they needed votes to remain in control of the state government, they formally gave up prohibition to gain the votes of the German immigrants who were at one with the Republicans in their opposition to slavery.

One problem common to all business men was that the supply of acceptable money and cash was scarce in the back country. In lieu of coin the merchants received a good deal of farm produce including pelts and beeswax. Out-of-state currencies supplemented by occasional local currency relieved the situation somewhat, but the credit business remained large. Farmers often bought on credit from one harvest to another. This proved a dangerous practice to the merchants in the later fifties. On January 1, 1859, Burrows and Prettyman had on their books accounts due them totaling \$165,000 of which very little was ever paid. A. C. Fulton, another Davenport merchant, in consideration of the "love and affection" he had for his customers "blotted out all obligations" due him.<sup>48</sup>

In spite of such losses and such generosity, the pioneer merchant in many instances made his "pile." In the mid-fifties the piles grew so high that many a merchant dreamed, and

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<sup>48</sup>*Biographical History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1895), p. 307.

realized his dream, of "more stately mansions." A number of store buildings, some of which in their days may have replaced log houses, then gave way to tall business blocks, several stories in height and ornamental and substantial enough in some cases to be in use today.

### WHOLESALE BUSINESS

The exchange of store goods for farm produce gave the retailer the extra job of disposing of these products. As a produce man the pioneer merchant bought grain, dressed hogs, and sometimes vegetables. Usually there was a market for such products in the cities down the Mississippi or up the Ohio, but with the serious drawback that while prices might rise quickly, they might also drop to abysmal depths and ruin the merchant. Selling produce to the federal government for consumption by soldiers and Indians was not subject to such fluctuations in price and yielded substantial profits. The Davenport merchants participated in the latter business with very satisfying results.

The produce business required a considerable amount of capital and good business connections, thus only the largest merchants could engage in it. This was changed somewhat by the coming of the railroad to Rock Island in 1854, since smaller shipments could now be made by rail to the East, involving less outlay in money on the part of the shipper. Produce men then, says Burrows in his reminiscences, became "as thick as potato bugs."

The pioneer retailer also acted as agent or forwarder for those wishing to ship produce at their own risk; and for merchants in the interior who bought goods to be delivered in Davenport and from there to be sent on by the agent to their final destination. Such business was called forwarding, an initial stage in the wholesale business.

The first regular wholesale grocery business in Davenport was established by S. Hirschel in 1851; T. Close and Company opened a large wholesale hardware store in 1854. *The Gazette* for November 30, 1859, enumerates sixteen local wholesale establishments. More were added in the sixties, and in 1865



the wholesale houses of Davenport supplied merchants in every branch of retail trade."

### BANKING

In 1836, a few years after the opening of the Black Hawk Purchase to white settlement, the United States went out of the banking business and from that time on until near the close of the Civil War no United States paper currency (excepting greenbacks) was in use. Various state and local currencies (around 10,000) replaced the national currency, but some states—notably Iowa until 1858—refused to charter banks of issue and even frowned upon banks in general.

Iowa, however, had experimented with banking in territorial times. In 1836 the Territory of Wisconsin, of which Iowa was then a part, had chartered the Miners' Bank at Dubuque. This bank's first published statement in 1837 showed that its capital consisted largely of notes given by the stockholders and of out-of-state currency of uncertain value. The institution at once became the object of suspicion and severe criticism, and, after several years of agitation, the Territory of Iowa in 1845 repealed the bank's charter.

Meanwhile attempts to charter banks of issue in Davenport and Iowa City had come to naught. Thus Iowa, upon becoming a state in 1846, had no currency of its own to give mobility to its rapidly growing land values and its mounting business turnover except the suspected out-of-state currency and a little coin of which there was some, both domestic and foreign, especially the latter. Pioneer annals, for instance, frequently mention the use of French, Spanish, and Mexican coins as medium of exchange. A contracted currency, furthermore, tended to become more contracted by the fact that the land offices of the United States accepted nothing but coin or its equivalent in payment for land. In this way specie was constantly being drawn out of the western country where it was badly needed.

It was then that Iowa capitalists undertook to supply the state with currency by organizing banks of issue in the Territory of Nebraska where the laws were favorable to such banking. Ebenezer Cook and other Davenport land agents obtain-

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<sup>44</sup>*Weekly Davenport Democrat*, March 23, 1865.

ed a charter for a bank of issue at Florence (north of Omaha), Nebraska. Cook and his partner, Sargent, already had a land agency in Davenport. In 1847 they expanded this into a banking house through which, as well as through their branches in Iowa City, Dubuque, and Des Moines, they floated their Florence currency. Thus without an Iowa charter the bank of Cook and Sargent was in effect an Iowa bank of issue. Cook and Sargent at once put some of their Florence currency to good use by erecting a fine bank building in Davenport, built of Athens marble and said to have cost \$75,000. It was, at this time, the most pretentious bank building in the West.

Cook and Sargent are sometimes spoken of as the John Pierpont Morgans of early Iowa. In Davenport they did more business than all the other banks put together.<sup>45</sup> Their principal local competitors were Macklot and Corbin, who opened the second local banking house in 1852. The latter firm started with a capital of \$10,000 while Cook and Sargent had only "a few thousand dollars."<sup>46</sup> But Macklot and Corbin did not circulate any currency of their own.

Davenport had five banks in 1855 and nine in 1858, besides the branch of the State Bank of Iowa then being established. Outside of Davenport there appears to have been but one bank in the county. This was located at Le Claire, then a boom town with a population of nearly two thousand people.

Among the nine private banking houses in Davenport in 1858 has been included the firm of Burrows and Prettyman, founded in 1840. While mainly engaged in retailing, forwarding, and manufacturing, it early began to do some banking business, such as selling exchange and accepting money on deposit. In 1854 this firm undertook to issue its own currency to be used locally and known officially as Burrows and Prettyman's checks, though this was strictly speaking in contravention of the statutes and constitution of the state. The amount issued was \$110,000. The railroad, the steamboats, and people generally, accepted it. Cook and Sargent accepted it at their bank by special arrangement on the same basis as their Flor-

<sup>45</sup>Burrows, *Fifty Years in Iowa*, (1888), p. 114. Other "branch" bankers in Iowa were Greene and Weare, Cedar Rapids; and Henn, Williams, and Company, Fairfield.

<sup>46</sup>*The History of the First National Bank in the United States*, (1913), pp. 16, 17.

ence currency. In return for this favor Burrows and Prettyman promised to help distribute Cook and Sargent's currency and to sell them all the Eastern exchange that came into their hands. This arrangement worked well for several years. Burrows and Prettyman made about \$10,000 a year on their currency.<sup>47</sup>

Then came the panic of 1857 and the depressed years of the later fifties. Crops were poor in 1858, due to excessive rains. The wheat crop was almost a total failure. Interest rates ranged from thirty to forty per cent. Foreclosures in town and country were common, and a large number of merchants in the smaller towns and in Davenport—three-fourths of them according to one source—went to the wall.<sup>48</sup> Princeton, Le Claire, and Davenport lost large percentages of their populations. In Davenport the population during the panic fell from approximately 17,000 to 10,000.<sup>49</sup>

The close of the Crimean War (1854-1856), when wheat tumbled from \$2 25 to \$.50 a bushel, had done its part to bring this about. But the situation had been greatly aggravated by the hasty contraction of the local and Florence currencies. Matters came to a head when, assisted by *The Iowa State Democrat*, Macklot and Corbin "made war" on Cook and Sargent and stirred up the community to the point of drastic action against the paper currencies.<sup>50</sup>

On the night of August 10, 1858, an angry crowd marched through the streets of Davenport carrying banners inscribed with such slogans as: "Down with Shinplasters," and "We want good Money." Ebenezer Cook was then mayor of Davenport, but this circumstance did not deter the demonstrators from breaking the windows of his residence. Someone also shouted, "Now for Burrows!" But "a voice" prevailed "to let Burrows alone." For a while a local military company

<sup>47</sup>Burrows, *op. cit.*, p. 107.

<sup>48</sup>*Biographical History of Scott County*, (1895), p. 102.

<sup>49</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 102; Franc B. Wilkie, *Davenport Past and Present*, (1858), p. 325. The municipalities, however, did not have the financial difficulties that individuals and partnerships had. In a speech before the Pioneer Settlers' Association in 1859, Laurel Summers said: "To say that any city, town, or even individual is prosperous and solvent in times like the present, may perhaps be regarded as a fiction—nevertheless, it can be demonstrated that the solvency of the cities and towns of Scott County is a fact beyond cavil." See *Proceedings of the Pioneer Association of Scott County, Iowa*, (1859), p. 28. Yet Scott County orders sold at from 65 to 70 cents on the dollar in 1860.

<sup>50</sup>Burrows, *op. cit.*, p. 119; H. H. Preston, *History of Banking in Iowa*, (1922), p. 43.



guarded the marble bank. On November 22, a firebrand made an unsuccessful attempt to set it on fire.

Yielding under the strictures and mob-mindedness of the town-folk, Cook and Sargent hastily retired and burned \$200,000 of their Florence currency. There was still, perhaps, about \$100,000 of it in circulation,<sup>51</sup> all of which seems to have been redeemed ultimately.<sup>52</sup> Burrows and Prettyman redeemed all of their checks at par,<sup>53</sup> but neither the Florence currency nor the checks always circulated at par. Both firms were able to retire their circulation because wealthy friends came to their assistance with accommodation loans.

Nevertheless, Cook and Sargent did not long survive the forced redemption of their currency. The closing of an affiliated bank in Boston compelled them to close their bank on December 16, 1859. Burrows had his name on their paper and went down with them, losing his beautiful home, Clifton, and the Albion Mills which, however, he was permitted to lease at \$5,000 a year.

By this time most of the private banks in Davenport had either begun to liquidate or soon did so, with heavy losses to the depositors. About \$200,000 of Cook and Sargent assets sold for \$1,425; and about \$150,000 of Tallman, Powers, and McLean assets did not bring but a little over \$500. Corbin and Dow succeeded Macklot and Corbin and the new partners continued until the First National was organized in 1863.<sup>54</sup>

Austin Corbin served as president of the First National from its founding in 1863 until 1865. In the latter year he resigned from this position, sold his bank stock and other property including his fine residence on Sixth Street and removed to New York City where he made a name for himself as an outstanding railroad magnate.

Mr. Corbin had come from New Hampshire to Davenport in 1851 with certain earthly possessions mainly consisting of a legal education, a limited number of law books, a change of raiment, four hundred dollars in currency, together with a large and well arranged stock of Yankee energy and perseverance which was probably worth more to him than all the rest.

<sup>51</sup>Burrows, *op. cit.*, p. 120.

<sup>52</sup>Preston, *op. cit.*, pp. 63, 69.

<sup>53</sup>Burrows, *op. cit.*, p. 119.

<sup>54</sup>August P. Richter, "A True History of Scott County," *Davenport Democrat*, January 9, 1921; *The History of the First National Bank in the United States*, (1913), p. 24.

In the great crisis of 1857-1858 which sent nine-tenths of the banks in the country and about the same proportion of mercantile concerns whirling to destruction, the Bank of Macklot and Corbin, which was only second in bulk of business . . . outrode the storm, almost unconscious of its existence—owing solely to perfect management.

In further eulogy of Mr. Corbin the *Weekly Davenport Democrat* for June 22, 1865, from which has been quoted above, continued:

In point of financial ability—careful and successful management in monetary affairs, it is but simple justice to Mr. Corbin to say that he is justly entitled to his position in the foremost rank. As a banker he has a reputation for shrewdness foresight and tact by no means confined to this State, or those of the West. Though sometimes he has been the object of censure on account of his rigid rules of business, no man who entrusted money to his charge ever had the least reason to complain, and surely none others had any right to. Though his investments have been numerous and extensive, ninety-nine out of every hundred were so judiciously made and thoroughly guarded as to be perfectly available. Though handling vast amounts of money for others, scarcely a dollar has ever been lost. Of few, indeed, can as much be said. . . . Close application to business, we are happy to say, has rewarded him handsomely.

The principal competitor of Mr. Corbin in Davenport, Ebenezer Cook, had become a railroad magnate before the debacle in 1859. At the time of the latter's death, which occurred in Davenport, in 1871, he was acting president of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad Company. Cook's partner, George B. Sargent, also recouped his fortunes in the promotion of railroads. He died in Europe where he had gone to dispose of American railroad bonds to European investors.<sup>54a</sup>

#### MANUFACTURING

Several conditions contributed to the growth of manufacturing in Scott County in pioneer times, such as the great distance from the manufacturing centers of the East and South, a rapidly expanding local market for manufactures, the presence in Scott County of several valuable raw products such as wood, clay, grain, and livestock, and finally an increasing number of skilled laborers.

In the thirties and forties manufacturing was still largely in

<sup>54a</sup>Richter, *op. cit.*, Oct. 30, 1921.

the handicraft stage, especially in the western communities. Everywhere there was home manufacturing. Though cloth was not as a rule made in the western homes, clothing was; and if not, often in local shops. Food was prepared for immediate and future use almost entirely in the home, though such standardized goods as salt, sugar, flour, and whiskey were usually purchased. Only a few farm implements were home-made; and, while the pioneers often built log cabins or sod houses, they soon replaced them by frame or brick houses, the construction of which called for manufactured goods produced in large local plants or imported from older manufacturing centers.

The first concern of the pioneer after he had staked out his claim or entered his land or lot would be to build a house. It might be constructed of sod or logs, but some sawed lumber helped to make it more comfortable and more attractive. Though finished lumber could be made by hand there are only occasional instances of this being done, and soon saw mills run by water power arose along the creeks and in places on the Mississippi where canals could be dug conveniently to direct enough water to turn mill wheels.

In 1835 Captain Benjamin W. Clark of Buffalo, Iowa, built the first saw mill in the county near the mouth of Duck Creek in Pleasant Valley Township. Two other saw mills were soon built in this township where there were both water power and logs—one in 1836 by Davis and Haskell, near the mouth of Crow Creek; and another in 1837 by Spencer and Work on Spencer's Creek. In the latter year also a steam saw and flouring mill began to operate in Rockingham.<sup>55</sup>

The native woods of Scott County yielded excellent hardwood logs, which in a few years were supplemented in an ever-increasing number by white pine logs from the pineries of Wisconsin and Minnesota. For general construction white pine in some respects is superior to hardwood because it is light, easily worked, and yet durable. The planing mills, which soon became attached to the larger saw mills, also found it to be superior material to be worked up into doors, sash, blinds, and window frames.

<sup>55</sup>*History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1882), pp. 974, 1188, 1230.

Eventually the steam mills superseded the water mills, but both continued to operate throughout the pioneer period. Scott County had twelve saw mills in 1858.<sup>56</sup> Only two of these were water mills. Most of the twelve mills were located in Davenport; the largest plant there, which was operated by Burnett, Gillett and Company, employed about ninety hands.<sup>57</sup> Outside of Davenport there were large saw mills at Buffalo, East Davenport, Le Claire, and Princeton.

Davis and Haskell of Pleasant Valley Township built the first grist mill in the county in 1835. It was a very crude affair, having two common boulders rough hewn for mill stones and housed in a log cabin. Nevertheless it was considered a most valuable improvement in its day and for years farmers from miles around brought their grist to this mill. In 1837 Samuel and Wheeler Hedges built the second grist mill in the county and equipped it with a set of French burr stones, said to have been the first used in this part of the country.

The grist mills soon became flouring mills, which produced bolted meal or flour, and in a few years the Davenport mills were exporting large quantities of high grade flour to the Eastern markets. Scott County had fifteen flouring mills in 1858.<sup>58</sup> One was a windmill, built by the noted Schleswig-Holstein immigrant, N. J. Rusch, who became lieutenant governor of Iowa in 1860. Two were water mills and the rest were run by steam. There was one good-sized mill at Blue Grass and one at Valley City, two at Le Claire and two at Princeton, and five at Davenport. The Davenport mills were operated by David A. Burrows; Jacob Weaver; Gillet, Greene and Company; Graham and Kepner; and Burrows and Prettyman.<sup>59</sup>

The last firm, originally a retail firm, had gone into manufacturing as a better means of disposing of the ever-increasing amount of wheat which they were purchasing from the farmers. In 1845 the partners leased J. H. Sullivan's steam flouring mill at Rockingham and ran it for two years. The first year they lost money because prices fell at the outbreak of hostilities with Mexico, and the losses were so serious that only through the timely intervention of a friend of Burrows was

<sup>56</sup>*Fifth Annual Report of the Iowa State Agricultural Society*, (1859), p. 403.

<sup>57</sup>*History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1882), p. 668.

<sup>58</sup>*Fifth Annual Report, op. cit.*, p. 403.

<sup>59</sup>*Davenport, Rock Island, and Moline Directory*, (1858), pp. 103-104.



bankruptcy averted. The second year the firm secured several good government contracts to furnish supplies to United States forts and Indian reservations and made some money.

With Rockingham declining in population, Burrows and Prettyman decided to transfer their milling business to Davenport where A. C. Fulton had just completed a three-story mill building. This the firm purchased with the understanding, though without any express agreement, that Fulton would not continue in the milling business. But some of the people did not like the idea of just one big mill, and they easily prevailed upon the mercurial Fulton to undertake the construction of another one, which he dramatically announced would be built and in running order before Burrows and Prettyman could install machinery and start theirs.

When Fulton made this announcement the lumber for the new mill was still growing in the forest, the stone was not yet quarried, nor the brick yet molded. Five months and twenty-two days later it stood completed and ready to grind. Its formal opening occurred on January 15, 1848 when admiring friends served a banquet on the second floor of the building to three hundred Davenport citizens, in honor of Mr. Fulton's spectacular feat. The new mill was called the Aetna Mill.

A few days later Burrows and Prettyman turned on the steam for the first time in their Davenport milling establishment which they named the Albion Mills. Burrows looked upon the Aetna Mill as a challenge which he accepted with the determination that it never should make any money for its operators, and it never did. In a few years the building was sold to Burrows and Prettyman who used it as a warehouse.

Meanwhile the Albion Mills had made a name for their brand of flour. In the East it was known as one of the best grades of flour on the market, and the manufacturers could not half supply the demand.<sup>60</sup> The plant was enlarged several times and made a fortune for its owners, but this was swept away in the financial disaster of Cook and Sargent in 1859, after which the firm was dissolved. Burrows leased his former mill and was again making good when a fire destroyed it

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<sup>60</sup>Burrows, *op. cit.*, p. 102.

in 1862. It was at that time the largest flouring mill in the state, making from 350 to 500 barrels of flour per day.

Pork packing for export became noticeable in the early forties. By that time the pioneer's "wind splitter" had given way to "more respectable porkers" and with larger corn acreages pork production became profitable, at least in years when prices were good.

As a general industry, pork packing was then in its early stages. Live hogs might be sold to the local butchers, but hogs for packing usually arrived at the rude packing plants dressed and frozen. The packers cut the meat up, salted the sides, smoked the hams, and rendered the lard. During the season—it was always the winter months—cured meats would accumulate, sometimes necessitating pressing into service as warehouses empty cellars and houses. In the spring and summer steamboats carried shipments of produce up and down the Mississippi. A good many shipments went up the river to lead miners and fur traders, and to fill government contracts for garrisons and Indians.

In 1840 John Seaman and Shays and Gano began pork packing in Davenport.<sup>61</sup> Other early packers were Burrows and Prettyman, who became the leading Davenport packers in the forties and fifties. During the season 1853-1854 they packed 19,000 hogs, twice as many as ever before in any one season.<sup>62</sup> In all, the Davenport packers in 1857-1858 packed only 13,000 hogs.<sup>63</sup> The apparent decline in the number marketed at Davenport is explained partly by the fact that many live hogs were now shipped by rail.

Flour milling and pork packing made necessary the cooper shop. Burrows and Prettyman established their own cooper shop which employed a considerable number of men. In the late fifties Davenport had three large and three smaller cooper shops.

At this time woodworking shops and factories had become quite numerous in Scott County. The raw product could be produced locally and the finished product did not usually accumulate in the warehouses of the producers. In 1857 Le

<sup>61</sup>*History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1882), p. 664. *Weekly Davenport Democrat*, January 11, 1872.

<sup>62</sup>Burrows, *op. cit.*, p. 99.

<sup>63</sup>*Fifth Annual Report, op. cit.*, p. 394.

Claire had three wagon shops, two cooper shops, two cabinet shops, and one boat yard where steamers were repaired and keel boats built and repaired. Princeton had two wagon shops. In Davenport there were nine wagon shops, eight furniture factories, one employing forty men, a wash tub factory, and twenty-one carpenter shops. At this time too, John Zimmerman had commenced building piano-fortes.

A Scott County manufacturer began to turn local corn into whiskey in 1838. This particular plant was not in operation very long, but other distilleries came to take its place, only to give way in a few years to a number of more permanent breweries. The influx of German immigrants brought the taste and the demand for beer as well as the technology of the brewery. The first brewery in Davenport began to operate in 1851, and Davenport had three breweries in 1857.

Of bakeries there were then five large ones and several small ones in Davenport, the oldest dating from 1842.

Tailor shops, boot and shoe shops were numerous in the county at this time. Le Claire had two tailor shops and two boot and shoe shops; Princeton four boot and shoe shops and two tailor shops; Blue Grass one boot and shoe shop; Davenport nine tailor shops, the largest employing from six to nine men, eleven boot and shoe shops, the largest employing from ten to fourteen men, and many smaller ones. Davenport also had six millinery and dressmaking shops.

Furthermore, before the Civil War, Davenport had a brush factory, a broom factory, several soap and candle factories, a tannery, a buckskin mitten factory, a soda water factory, a vinegar factory, and a number of cigar-making establishments.<sup>64</sup> The latter generally used imported raw products, but in 1864 Nicholas Kuhnen and Company were making Scott County tobacco into Davenport cigars of good quality.<sup>65</sup>

Of heavier industries, Davenport had in 1860 three marble works, seven brick yards and twelve metal and implement works. Harvey Leonard began to make brick in Davenport in 1837 and made most of the brick produced there for several years. Ezra Carpenter was making brick in Blue Grass

<sup>64</sup>Wilkie, *op. cit.*, pp. 247-270; Downer, *op. cit.*, pp. 260, 267, 280.

<sup>65</sup>*Weekly Davenport Democrat*, December 15, 1864.

in 1845. The implement factories in Davenport turned out plows, threshers, harrows, and horse rakes. John Bechtel started a plow factory there in 1846, which in a decade became the largest of its kind in the state.<sup>66</sup> A plow factory at Le Claire specialized in making breaking plows, and turned out about two hundred of them a year.<sup>67</sup>

According to the census of the United States for 1860, Muscatine County ranked first in manufacturing of the counties of Iowa, with an annual product valued at \$1,538,447. Scott County came next, having a product valued at \$1,145,659. Des Moines County with a product valued at \$1,099,740 was third. The largest item in the value of Scott County manufactures in 1860 was that represented by the milling industry, namely flour and meal. Saw and planing mill products followed as a distant second. But so far as capital investment was concerned, a new industry, the production of illuminating gas, ranked first, and milling second.

#### THE PRESS

Printing and publishing constitute a peculiar branch of manufacturing. The product—whether it be circulars, pamphlets, newspapers, periodicals or books—furnishes information and provides for entertainment, through which again it becomes a potent influence in shaping and directing public opinion.

In the later fifties printing and publishing in Scott County were represented by one establishment in Le Claire and five in Davenport. All except one was mainly engaged in the publication of weeklies and dailies in the English and German languages. Only one firm—the Luse, Lone, and Company—made a specialty of publishing books. It employed from twenty to twenty-five hands, and was at the time the only book publishing house in the State of Iowa.<sup>68</sup>

Local historians have been accustomed to indulge in a bit of word play in recounting the beginnings of press history in Davenport whose first newspaper, a Democratic weekly, was *The Iowa Sun and Davenport and Rock Island News*.<sup>69</sup> Of

<sup>66</sup>Wilkie, *op. cit.*

<sup>67</sup>*Fifth Annual Report, op. cit.*, p. 403.

<sup>68</sup>Wilkie, *op. cit.*, p. 267.

<sup>69</sup>Rock Island here refers to the island, not the City of Rock Island. The latter was still known as Stephenson.



course, the beginning of its publication in 1838 was the "rise" of *The Sun*. It "set" in 1842. But before its "setting" the *Davenport Gazette* had "arisen," and under the able management of Alfred Sanders, a Whig of the Henry Clay school, it "rose" to be a tri-weekly in 1853 and a daily in 1854. In 1856 it was published in three editions: a weekly, a tri-weekly, and a daily. Add H. Sanders, a brother of Alfred Sanders, and like the latter a brilliant journalist, joined its editorial staff during the next year. The *Gazette* won the diploma and a \$10 premium at the state fair in 1860 as the "best looking paper" in the state.

There was no Democratic paper in Davenport after 1842 until 1848 when Alexander Montgomery began to publish the weekly, the *Democratic Banner*. After changing owners several times, this "sheet" was finally purchased in 1858 by the firm Richardson and West who merged it with the *Iowa State Democrat*, founded in 1855. In 1859 the latter also absorbed the Democratic *Daily Morning News* which had been issued since 1856. The combination continued under the name of the *Democrat and News* until 1864 when it became the *Davenport Democrat*.

The German press made its debut in 1850 with *Der Demokratischer Herold* (The Democratic Herald), which ceased publication after "a sorry existence" of six or eight weeks. Still there was a real need for a local German newspaper. Though only a few of the German immigrants could read English, they were nevertheless a reading people ready to subscribe for newspapers in their own language. They had come to Iowa to stay and usually became citizens and voters when the residence requirement of five years could be met. This gave the politicians an interest in them and "on an expenditure of about a hundred dollars or so, to which Mr. [Hiram] Price was the largest contributor, some second-hand German type was purchased, and on the 22nd of November, 1851, the first number of *Der Demokrat* was issued." Its motto was "Liberty for All," and its first editor was Theodore Guelich, "a talented young German, fresh from the battle-fields of the Schleswig-Holstein revolution of 1848, in which he had gained many a scar in the name of sweet liberty."

As the name *Der Demokrat* (The Democrat) indicates, this paper was Democratic politically, but Guelich soon espoused the Free Soil creed, and in getting ready for the presidential contest of 1856, he brought out the first issue of the daily edition of *Der Demokrat*. Guelich's political deflection was not acceptable to all the readers of the paper, and these dissatisfied German Democrats then began the publication of the *Beobachter am Mississippi* (Observer on the Mississippi). This paper, however, had too small a following to injure *Der Demokrat*, which continued its forward march as a Republican newspaper, though of an independent hue. In 1858 it was published in three editions: a weekly, a tri-weekly, and a daily.

Theodore Olshausen, another Schleswig-Holsteiner, succeeded Guelich in 1856; and Olshausen again was succeeded in 1860 by still another Schleswig-Holsteiner, Jens Peter Stibolt, a prodigious worker whose "days of recreation for twenty years did not amount to a dozen." Of Theodore Olshausen an admiring friend wrote that "he had an ardent love of liberty, hated slavery intensely, his mind had a great tendency to idealism, he was strongly guided by principles and was much freer from egotism than human frailty generally is. Neither money nor glory could allure him; he was mainly guided by his sense of duty and love of liberty. And yet he was banished from his native country which he loved so well."

It was such men and others like them who guided the destinies of the German press in Davenport for more than half a century.

In the feverish activity and excitement of the mid-fifties when steam presses replaced the old hand presses a number of short-lived newspapers and periodicals were launched. Some like the *Anti-Know-Nothing*; the *Weekly Union*, published for a few weeks in 1856 to boost Millard Fillmore for president; the *Union*, fathered by the Old "Silver Grey" Whigs in the interest of the Bell and Everett ticket in 1860; and the *Davenport Bee*, an independent weekly, all had political axes to grind. Others like the *Iowa Temperance Organ*, published for about a year by Hiram Price and other Iowa prohibitionists, promoted social reform. Others, again, spoke definitely for the business interests such as *Davenport Commercial* soon

changed to *Davenport Courier*, the *Real Estate Register*, and the *Bridge City Record*, both of the latter being devoted especially to real estate affairs. Three new dailies strove for subscribers between 1856 and 1858; *Evening News*, *Davenport Times*, and *Davenport Journal*. Hiram A. Reed's facetious little journal, *The Chip Basket* began its existence in 1856. "It was a small sheet of four columns, which besides making some fun for the public, made some trouble for its owner in the way of buffetings from the aggrieved." Its career was brief. Of other special interests religion and education were represented by the *Christian Evangelist* and the *Iowa Instructor*.

Outside of Davenport only Le Claire had a newspaper before the Civil War. How unstable newspaper work was in the small towns is indicated by the fact that Le Claire had a succession of four newspapers in four years: *Le Claire Weekly Express*, 1856-57; *Le Claire Republic* established in 1858; *Le Claire City Enterprise*, 1858-1859; and *Le Claire Register* established in 1859.<sup>70</sup>

#### PUBLIC UTILITIES

The need for street lighting in Davenport began to be felt in the later forties. In 1849 several public spirited citizens at their own expense put up a dozen oil lamps on Front and Second Street.<sup>71</sup> Five years later local capitalists organized the Davenport Gas Light and Coke Company, which obtained from the city the exclusive right for twenty years of using its streets, alleys, and public grounds for the purpose of furnishing the inhabitants with gas. The franchise fixed the price of gas at \$3.50 per thousand cubic feet for the first two years. Thereafter it was to be the same as that paid in other Iowa cities of equal population and similarly situated as to the cost of manufacturing. The city was lighted with gas for the first time in October, 1855. New additions and improvements were made in 1857. The capital invested increased from \$55,000 in 1854 to \$196,300 in 1860.<sup>72</sup>

<sup>70</sup>Data for the section on the press from: *The Twin Cities Directory*, 1856, pp. 132-133; *Davenport, Rock Island, and Moline Directory*, 1858 and 1859, p. 128; Franc B. Wilkie *Davenport Past and Present*, (1858), pp. 267, 311-315; *Twin Cities Directory*, 1859, pp. 19-20; 1860, p. 8; *History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1882), pp. 570-605, 674; *Biographical History of Scott County, Iowa*, (1895), pp. 475-477.

<sup>71</sup>August P. Richter, "A True History of Scott County," in *The Davenport Democrat*, July 4, 1920.

<sup>72</sup>*Directory of the City of Davenport, for 1856 and 1857*, pp. 118-119; *Manufacturers of the United States in 1860*, p. 158.

The price of gas was increased to four dollars per thousand cubic feet before the Civil War and to five dollars during the war. The latter rate remained in force until 1872.<sup>73</sup>

#### BUSINESS MEN'S ORGANIZATIONS

The business men of Davenport organized a Board of Trade in 1857. Its elaborate governing board consisted of a president, a vice president, a secretary-treasurer, five directors, a committee of arbitration, and a committee of appeals. The object of the organization was to establish uniformity in local business usages, to promote just and equitable principles in trade, and to collect and publish such information relative to commerce and manufacturing as might promote the prosperity of the manufacturing and commercial classes, and all other classes of the city. There were two classes of members. One consisted of large manufacturers, wholesalers, and capitalists, all of whom paid each a fee of \$10 annually. The other class consisted of professional men and smaller merchants, each of whom paid but half as much as the members of the first class.<sup>74</sup>

The Board of Trade appeared just as the business boom of the mid-fifties was beginning to break. It languished during the following years until the revival of business at the close of the Civil War gave it a new lease on life.

#### LABOR ORGANIZATIONS

In a new community the problem of labor is often the problem of labor shortage, which, as the community grows older, becomes a problem of labor surplus. This sequence was true of Davenport between 1833 and 1858. But after a couple years of turmoil the Civil War came and took up the slack in employment. The United States employed a number of laborers to build an arsenal and to establish a prison camp on Rock Island in the Mississippi. Several military camps were also located on the outskirts of Davenport. The labor surplus was further reduced by enlistments and drafts. Of nearly 4,000 men of military age, Scott County sent more than half to the colors. Of the drafted men, 135 hired substitutes.<sup>75</sup>

The early labor organizations in Davenport grew to some

<sup>73</sup>Richter, *op. cit.*, September 4, 1921.

<sup>74</sup>*Directory of Davenport, Rock Island, and Moline*, 1858 and 1859, p. 127.

<sup>75</sup>Richter, *op. cit.*, February 27, 1921, March 27, 1921.



extent out of the societies organized by the state, sectional, and foreign groups. This is especially noticeable in the case of the German immigrants. In 1861 workmen organized the *Gewerbe Verein* (Mechanic's Society), which had weekly meetings and functioned as a labor union until after the Civil War.<sup>76</sup>

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<sup>76</sup>*Davenport City Directory for 1863*, p. 170; for 1866, p. 141.

# A DUFFLE BAG DIARY OF AN AMERICAN RED CROSS WORKER IN FRANCE

*(Continued from July, 1939)*

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BY ELLIS E. WILSON

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Wednesday 11-6-1918.

Late in getting up. Four fellows in our room. At office, then rode over to Stamford on business, soon returning. Good dinner at Inn. Captain Fellows said he was going over with Company B and advised me that I had better go or I might not get across. Apparently war is nearly ended but there would be plenty of work for the Red Cross in Europe for several months. Sergeant Lundin and I went on short call to Engle home, host entertained us with lunch and liquors. The captain gave me the privilege of doing as I wished, go or remain in service at the camp. I shall go. Thankful I have a task to do.

Thursday 11-7-1918.

A false fire alarm was sounded about midnight just to ascertain how quickly the boys could get out of the Inn. It was pandemonium but regardless of all the racket several slept on until guards aroused and brought them to roll call. In forenoon all trunks were carried by owners out of hotel onto lawn and into orchard for inspection of contents. Some articles rejected. Many kodak pictures snapped. Kodaks not allowed to be taken overseas. News came that Germany has surrendered on Allies terms. Major giving out letters of recommendation. Can't leave Inn nor go any place off grounds. A sumptuous lobster banquet, then a dance, then to bed. This banquet outdid all the feasts we have had. Lieut. Hopkins, head cook and generalissimo of the occasion was given a captaincy for his reward and he deserved it. Speeches.

Friday 11-9-1918.

Up at five A. M. Answered roll call. After breakfast Company B marched to Sound Beach depot from Ye Old Greenwich Inn our one month's preparation ended. Boarded train for New York City. All of Company had dinner at Childs'

restaurant. On street cars to Fourteenth street, Pier 57, inspection of baggage. Passed onto French liner, *La Lorraine* Took all day. My berth No. 506 with Captain Young, who goes to Italy. Dinner on boat. French people do not have supper, their meals are breakfast, luncheon, and last meal of day, dinner. The boys were given cigarettes a plenty, handed out or thrown to them by people in high buildings which we passed. Meet the prodigals at the dock with a fatted calf when we return.

#### AMERICAN RED CROSS COMRADES

Who sailed on the French Liner *La Lorraine*,

NEW YORK TO BORDEAUX

FRANCE

November the 9th, 1918.

Edward T. Bently	Edwin B. Lovejoy
Chas. F. Borncamp	A. W. Marqua
Chester B. Boughter	C. C. Mason
George Bradford	F. W. Mason
Charles Brooker	Howard J. O'Neil
Tim J. Buckley	Roy A. Parker
Roy D. Carlisle	Eugene M. Pattison
Russell Cessna	Morris D. Payne
F. J. Currier	William D. Phillips
Mark W. Ellsworth	Walter W. Reymer
George W. Ernst	John C. Roche
Fred A. Fellows	W. M. Roche
James J. Harrington	Clarence R. Solberg
Preston B. Heller	Harold J. Stussy
Elmer A. Henckel	Paul Symonds
Harold F. Hess	James A. Thomas
Harry H. Hitzman	Stuart Ward
John E. Jameson	F. G. Wells
H. C. Jewett	Ellis E. Wilson

#### Sunday 11-10-1918.

Boat still at dock. Wrote wife two letters, not sealed. Vessel left pier at ten A. M. Sixty-nine Red Cross men also Y. M. C. A. men, K. C. men and a large number of Zech soldiers. Out of sight of land about three P. M. Three hydroplanes with us overhead, also two convoys, smooth ocean, French crew. We waved good-bye to the statue of Liberty and we know each hopes for a safe return. Many motor boats in bay filled with men and women fishing for mackerel.

#### Monday 11-11-1918.

Awoke in berth 506 liner La Lorraine after a fine sleep. One of my grips was misplaced by comrade who carried it for me. Found it later. Was given a suit case at New York pier to deliver to a Red Cross officer in Paris. A breakfast of coffee and bread, but enough. At noon a good lunch was served with many dishes. A little sea sick but ate regular meals. Got acquainted with boat. Several French officers who have been assisting at American Soldier's training camps returning home. Ocean rough. Wrote wife a letter to be mailed later. Radio said armistice had been signed. A few of the boys sea sick, unable to eat and out of sorts, but most of them hilarious and happy. Is it to be a glorious outing?

No more shall kings make man a puppet or a slave  
For o'er the world the palm and willow wave.

Tuesday 11-12-1918.

Up at call. Rough waters. Boys studying their French books. Made the acquaintance of Miss Utter of Corona, California, who is bound for Congo country in Africa as a missionary of the Christian Church. A sweet singer. Last ten hours boat traveled three hundred eighty-one miles. Most of boys sick. Ocean turbulent and ports closed. Passengers had to stay on leeward side of vessel. Salt water for washing. At request of Miss Utter wrote my name and town in her address record. She stated she was acquainted with Mary Carpenter-Craig of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa. I told Miss Utter of the beneficent life of Loduska Wyrick who was one of the first graduates of that school to go as a missionary. Her field was Japan.

Wednesday 11-13-1918.

Boat mileage third day three hundred seventy-two miles. A dance last night. Dinner of sauerkraut, pork and weenies tasted good after eating French dishes. Had a lively argument with two French officers and a Polish Russian over prohibition. They denounced it. I upheld it from a scientific and economical standpoint. Stayed with them and verbally fought it out alone until all arguers left me. Some Y. M. C. A. men started the argument but they deserted. Red Cross workers are under no restrictions regulating verbal disputes. Saw sea gulls and dolphins and one vessel.



Note: This Polish Russian was an able man who had been sent by his government to the United States to investigate our beet sugar industries. After the war started he was ordered to return to Russia but refused to do so. His family fled to Paris and he was going there to join them. He said the Russian government had confiscated all his property and he dare not return as it would mean certain execution for him. He also said that the Russian people would wander in the wilderness of experimental governments for forty years before stabilization.

Thursday 11-14-1918.

Bad air on boat and everyone complaining. A day of big swells at sea. Doors and windows tightly closed. Eating, sleeping, and talking with strangers. Find there are forty three Y. M. C. A. and ten Y. W. C. A. workers on board. About one thousand persons on vessel. Captain Fellows held a Kangaroo Court which furnished amusement all evening. Did not stay up to see the finish, but the prisoner was fined a liberal sum which was paid by comrades and then disbursed for the choicest liquors sold on the boat.

Note: Non-appearance or personal appearances the following day identified the revelers.

Friday 11-15-1918.

With others slept on deck till after midnight because of bad air in boat, which was caused by keeping doors and windows shut tight. Waves swept over decks. Chocolate only for breakfast. Ate apples from Oregon later, six for twenty-five cents. Gave three missionary ladies to Congo chocolate bar apiece. One suspicious looking craft which we passed, provided a little excitement. Not a German submarine. Only a heavy laden Standard Oil tanker. Boys are not fond of French cooking and continually talk about "ham and eggs."

Saturday 11-16-1918.

Atlantic calm, port holes and doors open and plenty of fresh air. Watching for boats but only one seen. Traveled three hundred eighty-one miles last twenty-four hours. Told we would be in Bordeaux Monday. The boys are uneasy about submarines for German Commanders at sea may not know of the armistice. Interesting talk with a Peruvian and his wife.

Gave missionary girls a box of candy. Boys eating Oregon apples which cost five cents each. Beautiful moonlight night on sea.

Make for us sky that tender hue,  
You made that night ere the sun dropped through,  
Colors melted in burning air  
Flowing I know not whence nor where  
Before I die I want to see—  
Make the colors again for me.  
“No, No.” I paint all day  
Rose and amethyst, gold and gray  
Purple precipice, silver rain  
But I never shall paint that scene again.

Anon.

Sunday 11-17-1918.

Beautiful balmy morning in Bay of Biscay. Latitude 45 degrees, longitude about 40 degrees. Saw several vessels. Rev. Moon, a Congo River missionary of the Christian Church preached sermon in library room. Gave his wife five dollars, it being her birthday. Gave one of boys one dollar, his money all gone. Bought candy for Peruvian and his wife. Had chicken for dinner. Boys anxious to see land. Talked with Capuchin fathers.

Note: These Capuchin fathers, young men with beards, never shaved, said they came from Quebec, Canada, and were going into Spain to do missionary work, well educated. The missionary group of the Christian Church were to remain in Bordeaux until they could get passage on some vessel to Congo River country, Africa.

Monday 11-18-1918.

Very cool on Bay of Biscay today. Breakfast of chocolate, bread, oatmeal, no trimmings. Bought a peck of Oregon apples for the boys as nearly half did not get up for breakfast. Fixed up my army roll. Hash for lunch and plenty of olive oil. Had my hair cut by French coiffeur, sixty cents. Boat swerved and circled and passengers were excited thinking it might be a submarine. Some curious maneuvers. Perhaps floating mines.

Note: French sailors were very cautious in these waters to avoid explosives floating near entrance of Gironde river, France. When the Peruvian and his Spanish wife returned

to their deck chairs after dinner, a fine wool robe of beautiful design and color was gone, stolen of course. Seldom is anything taken on a vessel until it is about ready to dock for then there is no time to search for lost articles. This man had an appointment as consul from Peru to Spain. Was land and copper mine owner. Wished more Americans would come to his country to aid in its development.

11-19-1918.

No sleep last night, all excitement. Entered Gironde river, France, last evening, avoiding anchored mines at its mouth placed there to destroy German boats. Our vessel changed its course abruptly at right angles several times, the pilot knowing the location of the French mines. Busy times getting baggage lined up ready to depart. Reached Bordeaux about fifty miles inland in the night, tide went out and our boat rested on Gironde river bottom. Had breakfast. Met by Red Cross men stationed at Bordeaux. Marched up town. Trucks took us around to see some of the sights, visited old Moorish town. One-horse carts, donkeys. Women with brush brooms cleaning streets. Bought a French paper. Had lunch at Red Cross canteen. Took train at Bordeaux for Paris. Paris, coveted goal of the Kaiser Wilhelm, never reached. Arrived at nine P. M. Feudal castles still stand on highways. Interesting ride. Company got into army trucks in Paris and were taken to barracks at St. Cyr, some eighteen miles from Paris, passing through Versailles. Hundreds of war-wrecked autos lined up along the avenues.

Note: Train passed through sand hills and vineyard, the wine producing section. Along railway were prison camps, where large numbers of Germans were held under guard by the French. A tall negro in an American uniform was hiking southward, perhaps he had started home. Nearing Perigeaux the trainmen said there would be French Croix Rouge women at the station. The boys visioned sandwiches and coffee. The women were lined up with their big tin cups and asked for money for the blessés, wounded soldiers. The boys were generous; through Limoges where china ware is manufactured; Chateraureaux located on left bank of Indian river in a level country; and Orleans whose name was given to

France's most famous daughter. Paris, the city of dreadful fears, was in darkness. One boy shouted "There's the Eiffel tower, we are in Paris sure." In 1806 Napoleon transferred to St. Cyr the famous military academy he had founded in Fontainebleau. It is the West Point of France. Some of the stone buildings erected by Napoleon are still in use.

Wednesday 11-20-1918.

The cold damp fog shivers me, shivers everybody. Getting the lay of the land. Chateaux grounds about one acre. Garden, pear and apricot trees. Brick and cement house. High ceilings and fire places, tile mantels. Story told that a Frenchman murdered his wife and two children here and then suicided. It is spoken of in the neighborhood as a haunted place. The boys would like to see the spirit apparitions. Filled out a long list of papers in order to secure a French passport or permit to go upon the streets. Every new resident of a French town must be recorded. St. Cyr is an historical place. Plenty of wine shops. In Guard detail. Heard in the darkness: "Halt." The man in khaki stopped at attention. "Who are you, what are you and where are you going?" "Well I thought I was a Red Cross worker but I must be nothing going nowhere." Half dozen of boys on guard duty all night for various reasons. The chilling effects of the dampness and coldness were somewhat relieved by frequent visits to the wine shops. Kept open to accommodate the Americans who are supposed to have money to spend.

Thursday 11-21-1918.

Up with bugle. Army breakfast. Company took a hike to business district of St. Cyr. After lunch took another hike to French Commissary where they were baking one hundred thousand (100,000) loaves of bread per day. Making sausages out of horse, hog and beef meat for French soldiers. Visited winery where we had all the bitter wine we could drink and some drank all they could. Let us go out in evening to country but not into town. Cool all day and boys can't get warm. Air is very damp. We have a stove in our room. Seven of us. Main part of German high seas naval fleet surrendered.

Note: The Chateaux would not house all the company. About twenty were quartered in what had been the servants'



quarters, which were in the second story of a brick barn, plastered, well furnished rooms. There had been no horses kept in barns for a long time apparently. The stalls had been turned into pens for rabbits of which there was perhaps a hundred. Rabbits furnished about the only meat these villagers had. The baking of bread, the making of wine and making of cured meats was continuing with a full force of workers. The bread was mostly made of rye and with a little wheat and barley flour. The mixing or blending of the wines was done in great cement underground vats and as we were informed by the workmen, consisted mostly in putting a certain per cent of grain alcohol in the wines to give it more pep. The truth about such liquors and the resulting outcome was that the French armies never initiated any forward movement of consequence nor went over the top until the Americans came to their aid. Mentally and physically stupefied the French soldiers died in their trenches. The wines they drank destroyed their efficiency. I do not say this of all of them. Liquor supplies during the long siege at Verdun and vicinity were limited and there alone on all the battle front did the French soldiery hold the Allemand in check against the most terrific battle onslaughts the world has ever known. Leaving the commissary, the sergeant blew his whistle for the company to fall in line ready to march back to the Chateaux. Blew it several times. Finally all were out of winery and lined up on highway. Orders were given to march but the lines broke and few could keep step. Ordered to halt. The sergeant made a speech threatening punishment if his orders were not obeyed. "Here on these very boulevards a century ago Napoleon marched his well trained soldiers and today a few squads of Americans can't keep step, etc." Again the order was given to march when officer shouted: "Break ranks, go home any way you damn please. You're all drunk, hic." With friendly assistance and a few autos all got home including the sergeant.

Friday 11-22-1918.

Cool, fine day, St. Cyr, France, near Paris. Boys all having a good time getting papers made out ready to go to work. Company drilled on aviation school grounds in afternoon. All in fine physical condition but many short of money. Several

of us went into St. Cyr business district. All dark, no street lights, small lights in houses. Sky full of airplanes during day. Cannon roaring from practicing so we are told. Sunny France. Company took in barefoot kid and cleaned him up.

Note: The military authorities kept all orders in force until certain there would be no further outbreak of hostilities. Especially were airplanes feared; renegade aviation. It appeared as though the people loved to hear the deep roar of the cannon. Several of the boys took airplane rides with the French aviators but it was dangerous for some were students. A collection was taken for the barefoot boy. He was given a new outfit of clothes, also a bath with soap. The second day his father appeared and took his son home, very grateful for what the Croix Rouge Americans had done for him.

It was an event the boy will surely remember for besides his new clothes he took home a generous lot of chocolate candy and several cakes of soap.

Saturday 11-23-1918.

St. Cyr, France, is a military center. We hiked to army aviation field but gate was closed and did not get in until afternoon when thirty-two of company were taken through. Large army field. Grass pasture of two-hundred or more acres with thousands of old and new flying machines. Building new ones, tearing down old ones. Plenty of plain food. With others rode on street cars to Versailles and looked at castles and into shops. City in darkness. C. B. Boughter, an artist, put masonic emblems on walls of our room. Seven of us each having a cot. Comrade Boughter blistered a heel while marching which developed seriously and returned to U. S.

Note: The latitude of Paris corresponds nearly with that of Winnipeg, Canada. Our days were short and without electric lights, the night seemed long.

Sunday 11-24-1918.

Called at six A. M. Cleaned up room. Cream of wheat for breakfast. No milk. No church for protestants here that I have seen. Drilled on green for benefit of Major Osborne, head of A. R. C. in France. After dinner with Sergeant Payne and others went on street cars to Versailles where we put in

afternoon looking over Chamber of Deputies and other buildings and sights of the historical city. In the evening with F. W. Mason, or was it his brother C. C. Mason, took a long walk into the country on a well kept road going almost to the noted sheep town of Ramboulette. The stars shone brightly, the farm dogs barked, the air was invigorating but there was a strange weirdness in everything else that seemed uncanny for we were aliens.

Monday 11-25-1918.

Rain all day at St. Cyr and boys stayed in rooms. Some are tired of being cooped up so long. Took subway car at Versailles and went to Paris, Place de la Concorde, to deliver to Captain Hutchins satchel given me in New York City, and did so. Found him at Hotel Regina. Dinner of small steak, fried potatoes, roll and chocolate, two dollars, American money, but they got no tip from me. Took surface car back to St. Cyr through Versailles. Stayed in room in evening. My first day in Paris. Kept dinner bill as a souvenir of war time prices.

Note: American Red Cross Headquarters in Paris had been moved from No. 4 Place de la Concorde to Hotel Regina in order to have more room. Place de la Concorde is considered the most magnificent public square in the world. The Luxor Obelisk, brought from Egypt, marks the center of the square and nearby is the place where in 1793 the guillotine stood. On the south side of the square flows the Seine River from east to the west.

Tuesday 11-26-1918.

Around St. Cyr Barracks in forenoon. After dinner Dr. Wentworth came from Paris and gave a lecture. Eight sergeants appointed. Told me to get ready to go to Paris with him. Packed my roll, grips, trunk and accompanied by Captain Fellows, a French chauffeur to drive auto, we were taken to Hotel Borghese, 2 rue Borghese, Neuilly sur Seine, Paris, which is headquarters for A. R. C. workers in transportation department. Assigned to a room. Good supper. My baggage did not arrive as expected. Truck delayed. Barracks were crowded with workers. St. Cyr was like a prison.

Note:

At the noon lunch the Red Cross doctor gave a talk

about the evils of Paris and how to avoid them after which several assignments of workers to various stations were read. I was ordered to report at Buffalo Bill Park Garage located near Neuilly sur Seine. Intimated to my superiors that it seemed doubtful to me that I would be able to find a Buffalo Bill Park in Paris but was told that it was the square where Buffalo Bill Cody of Nebraska held his wild west show during last Paris exposition. A French chauffeur in a Ford touring auto drove the lecturing doctor, Captain Fellows and myself from St. Cyr through Versailles and St. Cloud to Paris. As we were passing through Bois de Boulogne, the ancient park along the Seine of over 2,000 acres, the chauffeur suddenly slowed up the auto and said, "There is Marshal Joffre." The doctor asked if he might not be mistaken and he answered that he was sure of it for he knew him well by sight and then added, "Don't you see one hand is gone?" Joffre was coming from the woods to the boulevard where an auto was awaiting him. A fine figure in blue uniform with gold braid; a greater leader in the world's conflict. Farther on our auto stopped and permitted the open auto of Marshal Joffre to pass. He sat alone in the rear seat grim, grieved, grizzled, but with a soldier's hauteur.

No. 2 rue Borghese, Neuilly sur Seine had been secured as barracks and at this place most of American Red Cross workers of this contingent made their home. Neuilly is a beautiful suburban residence spot outside the walls of Paris. There are many shell wrecked mansions.

The barracks were built for an apartment house and barely completed when the war started and had never been occupied. It was said all the male members of the family owning it had been killed on the battlefields, and the heirs rented it for a nominal sum to the American Red Cross because of the generous assistance extended to France and her allies by the people of the United States. A substantial stone trimmed, brick building finished inside with white marble. Large plate mirrors, which in appearance, doubles the size of the rooms. The dream of some architect and a monument for the dead soldier owner, and it should stand for centuries, if not destroyed by war.



I was given a ticket reading one pa[i]n which entitles me to buy one loaf of bread at any French bakery in Paris.

Wednesday 11-27-1918.

Reported for work at Buffalo Bill Park Garage. Taking ambulance and auto numbers as they come into garage or go out. Damp all day but have a comfortable place. Wrote to wife in evening after locating a Y. M. C. A. run by a pastor in his church. Two large French hospitals near. One the Pasteur Institute, now known as the American Ambulance Hospital. Boys are pretty slow with their work, many dodging. This seems to be a district occupied by well to do French people. An English Episcopal church in same block as hotel. Hotel Borghese is eight stories high with marble trimmings, splendidly furnished inside.

Heard in the barracks:

Under the hill and over the swale,  
I am driving the muddy trail  
Camouflaged car with noiseless tires  
Through shell holes and sharp barb wires  
Doughboys dying and hell overhead  
I pick up the living and leave the dead.  
Back from the battle, I'll go mighty fast,  
Ho-lo-o, this trip is my last. B o o m.

Thursday 11-28-1918.

A good sleep after taking a bath. Plenty of hot water. Steam, also hot air heat and a fire place in each apartment. Up at sound of gong. Oatmeal and milk for breakfast. Meat plenty for a war country. At Buffalo Park office. Not much doing as it rained all forenoon. Dinner at 11:30. Started to go into Paris but it was raining too heavy. Do not want to get my feet wet. King George day in Paris. Thanksgiving day for Americans. French have made afternoon a general holiday. Took laundry to a woman in a fine house. Hotel Borghese 2 rue Borghese, Neuilly sur Seine, France. Many fine mansions are occupied by the servants, male members all killed and women and children gone to south France away from danger, leaving their servants in possession of their homes but without money. Rubbers nor overshoes obtainable. We could have brought rubbers from United States if we had known how badly they would be needed. Had turkey but it

was minus the many trimmings we have at home. Cut up with a cleaver.

### Friday 11-29-1918.

Up at six o'clock and had breakfast of cream of wheat and milk then reported at office Buffalo Park at 7:00 A. M. Early for me. Enjoyed my first day's work. Put on high rubber boots and left my shoes at quartermasters to be repaired. Interesting talks with boys coming in from front with autos and ambulances. Four from Chateau-Thierry. Some autos sent out for repairs. Buffalo Park is named after Buffalo Bill Cody who used it as a show ground at one time. Paid one franc for a few dates. Fruit is very scarce and high. In France but hardly realize it. Americans in uniform everywhere seem to overcome the foreign atmosphere. A cootie in my hair. Grab him, smash him. A traveler. He didn't hatch on me. A camion driver says of Belleau Woods,—

The shell torn woods are damp  
 Red blood still moulds upon the ground  
 I stir the Autumn leaves  
 A piece of human flesh is found  
 I listen for the moans of men  
 The shrapnels shriek, the cannons roar  
 Heavenward look for rainbow flares  
 But they are seen or heard no more.

### Saturday 11-30-1918

We are not here to dream and drift but to uplift. A busy day in office. A plenty of good food for hungry soldiers. Ground frozen. After evening dinner went to Paris from Neuilly. Met Mr. Upham on avenue and we were together all evening. Visited Sailors and Soldiers Club and bought some hot chocolate. It was fine. Then to show in Y. M. C. A., Palais de Glace near Avenue des Champs Elysées. Home to rue Borghese at eleven o'clock. Cooties biting my neck. Smash them. Got out my fine tooth comb.

Wrap both your elbows tight around your neck  
 And scratch, scratch, scratch.  
 Don't stop a moment, if you do by heck  
 Cootie eggs will start to hatch.  
 Sulphur salve makes the devils worse,  
 They don't mind a soldier's curse.

So wrap both your elbows about your neck  
And scratch, scratch, scratch.

—Soldier Song.

## DECEMBER

### Sunday 12-1-1918

Worked in office all forenoon at Buffalo Park garage, also most of afternoon while Captain Garland was away. German police dog barking as no one fed her. Went to Episcopal Church in Neuilly in evening but no services were held. Talked with a few of the parishioners. This English church has an interesting history. Hardly know it was Sunday because of business transacted. Wine shops open. Men and women at tables drinking, emotional gaiety. Remainder of Company B except one Sergeant Fowler left as caretaker, came from Chataux at St. Cyr to barracks at rue Borghese ready for work.

Note. The black German police dog had been brought from the front to Buffalo Park garage by some of the ambulance boys. Trained by the Germans to hate the French, she was chained near the main entrance to frighten away inquisitive French people. One pompous Frenchman failed to see the sign "Beware of the Dog" in two languages and walking within reach, Blackie pounced upon him bestowing a few German dog bites. Blackie knew a Frenchman, regardless of uniforms. A. R. C. paid the man his claim for damages.

Sunrise 7:49. Sunset 3:53.

### Monday 12-2-1918

At office and busy all day mostly checking in and out autos and ambulances. Keep record of numbers, every auto and ambulance having a number in large figures on hood. About twenty Frenchmen employed as mechanics and at general repair work on transports. Are paid their earnings at close of each day. Mostly ex-patriates who with their families would suffer if A. R. C. did not give them employment. Daily I pass a strong wrought iron gate and hear the cry of homeless children. Stone walled asylum for orphans.

### Tuesday 12-3-1918

At office in Buffalo Park. Got along fine. Cloudy and very dark. Wore rubber boots. Chauffeurs come into office,

sit down and fight eooties. Garage grounds are level and solid, water does not sink away. Ordered covered with clean sand, but in a few days bad as ever. We have to wade around in three to four inches of water, oil, sand and refuse. Everyone wears rubber boots causing cold feet. A chauffeur accidentally started a chassis which he was repairing and the runaway made the French workmen scatter until it bumped into a camion and was wrecked.

Wednesday 12-4-1918

Paris and vicinity is a land of clouds and mud. People have fine white complexions for the sun seldom shines on their faces in winter time. Did my duty for A. R. C. at office and wrote a letter home. Yesterday while very busy at close of day two drivers came into the office saying they had delivered from another garage a repaired chassis, it stood at the door, asked me to sign a receipt for it which I did and told them where to park it which I should have done myself. This morning in checking up autos the chassis was gone. But it was found. Vigilance necessary to keep autos from disappearing.

Note. The officer over me should have been at the office to help at the evening rush but he did not appear. Later I learned he had been carousing at a nearby wine shop.

Thursday 12-5-1918

King of Belgium parade. I did not go on streets of Paris till evening but saw finish of cavalcade. Boulevards crowded with people and vehicles. Went downtown alone on subway. Guards of horsemen and footment with javelins, halberds, muskets and swords made an impassable cordion around his majesty. Royalty of Europe had heard something about the twilight of kings and seem intent upon dazzling these mercurial people with the patrician splendor of hereditary rulers. A plebian from a democracy may visit Paris shortly. I asked a French lady what impression the arrival of American troops in France made upon the citizens. She answered, "We knew it was our only hope. The Allies were beaten. We were fearful. We were dumb. We simply hoped." I asked a gray haired Frenchman the same question and he said, "Sir, when I saw your men in khaki marching through the streets of Paris,



I said, they are like the soldiers of France in the days of Napoleon.”

Friday 12-6-1918

Traded khaki suit issued to me in New York City which was not large enough for order to get a tailor made uniform. Cloudy all day, wore high rubber boots. Mr. Garland received his Sam Browne shoulder straps. Reports say President Wilson is on his way to France. Shell shocked A. R. C. fellow from the front in barracks is to sleep in Lieut. Benson's cot. Benson has gone to Havre. Received three letters from wife which Company C. brought from Sound Beach, Connecticut. Hair cut short to make Hades for the cooties.

Saturday 12-7-1918

Up at six o'clock. Very dark. Put on shoes. Have worn rubber boots all week. At Buffalo Park. Garage closed in afternoon. Up town and looked around trying to habituate Paris streets and landmarks. Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe, Pantheon, Notre Dame, and the Invalides are high sign posts while the Seine river flows from east to west, but if one follows a circular street on way to some goal—lost. Paid seventy cents American money for package of dates, about twenty in carton. Almost impossible to obtain fresh fruits and only at high prices. Visited National Library which is said to contain a million books and is undoubtedly the largest library in the world. Founded by Charles V. During the Revolution many precious collections of manuscripts, maps, prints and medals were confiscated from monasteries and convents and placed in the library by his orders.

Sunday 12-8-1918

At Buffalo Garage in forenoon. In afternoon rode on subway cars to Bastille, but the Bastille is gone. A Frenchman showed me where the guillotine stood. A large monument now marks the location of the fort but it was covered with bags of sand. Walked east along Rue de Rivoli, street of the river, a long distance until I came to the Tuilleries and Place de la Concorde there took subway to Neuilly sur Seine. Arrived in time for supper. All small shops were open along streets.

Note: Sand bags were placed all over and around the monument to protect it from German shells. The fort, also

used as a prison, was really a castle built in the fourteenth century. Later it became a place of the blackest tyranny. Here by unjust judgments hundreds of good French people were imprisoned or slaughtered. It is said the Bastile wrought iron key seven inches in length is now in a glass case in the main hall at Mt. Vernon having been presented to Washington by Lafayette.

Monday 12-9-1918

Work at garage all day. Informed that I was to have charge as bookkeeper at a new hotel or barracks that was being opened at Louis Blanc for A. R. C. men in northeast Paris. So quit work at Buffalo Park Garage tonight. With Messers Wells, Payne and Brooker, went downtown to Masonic Club gathering. Masons present from every state in U. S. except two. Passes required to remain out of hotel after eleven o'clock. Sun shone for a few hours the first time in two weeks. Bolsheviks say to kill every man who uses a tooth brush. Night winds murmur through the forests of Boulogne which are near the barracks.

Tuesday 12-10-1918

Got up at six A. M. as usual. Rainy. Walked down Rue de la Armee. Past Arc de Triomphe to Champs Elysées until I came to Rue Victor Emmanuel which I found after a long search. A French girl finally piloted me to the street number wanted. Was measured for a new khaki suit to be made by French tailors. Walked back home to 2 Rue de Borghese in time for noon lunch. Got my repaired shoes and a rain coat from Quarter Master and turned in pair of overalls and rubber hat. Have the city environs around Neuilly pretty well familiarized. Paris streets are not square with the world. Many are circular and it is easy to get lost. "Perdu," says the Frenchman when asked directions.

Wednesday 12-11-1918

Hell broke loose fast auto driving by Americans on boulevards. No limit. Auto came to rue Borghese Hotel and took Sergeant Ed Mars, myself and sixteen of the boys with baggage to Hotel Louis Blanc, No. 2 rue Louis Blanc, located about four miles away. Sergeant Mars and myself are to have charge of this antiquated habitation which is being remodeled

somewhat. Major Osborne here for an opening dinner. Turkey served. Place is a damp ancient structure of brick, stone and cement. Large wooden beams. Formerly used as a hotel, wineshop and livery stable. Close to canal Marten. Made up books and gave boys passes to go on street for the evening. Everybody in hotel at eleven o'clock and soon to bed. Single cots with mattresses and plenty of wool blankets make comfortable couches. A little French charcoal stove in each room, toy heaters. Not satisfactory and it becomes necessary to set up big coal burning heating stoves in the halls to dry out dampness. Coal costs about sixty dollars per ton. While this place is an antiquated hostelry, it is a new location for the A. R. C. Has been used as a camp for refugees, from devastated regions. A hall between guest room and the horse stalls. Partitions removed and space used for storage of coal, vegetables, ambulances, etc. Picked up several brass harness hook novelties to take home, souvenirs.

Note: A desk was kept in which all transients were required to register and the daily events and happenings of interest at the hotel were recorded. I am informed that this record book is in the archives of the American Red Cross at Washington, D. C.

Thursday 12-12-1918

Up at 6 A. M. Dark. Cleaned up desk and called the boys by sounding an auto horn. Mailed hotel letters at local P. O. station. Walked to the east over canal Marten bridge to center of Louis Blanc. Looked over markets. People appear very poor in this quarter of the city. Vegetables a plenty. Inferior grade of clothing in shops. This section I am told is the Apache district of Paris. The French government forced those living here who were subject to military duty into the service. Most were put into front ranks of the army and of course were killed. Many hid in the sewers and limestone caverns under the city. These dwellers along the canal appear to be a degenerate class and in appearance resemble the Apache Indians of southwest U. S. and are just as treacherous. Took a long walk following elevated railway so I could find my way back to hotel. The Swiss houseman who speaks French, German, and English having lived in the United

States for several years, warned me that the steel shutters in front of big plate glass windows should be dropped at dusk or the windows would be shattered before morning. My answer was that if any Frenchman wished to harm the A. R. C. let them do so. That we must have a light in our window, an open door and always be ready to welcome soldier boys who may be wandering on the streets, perhaps lost. Often deserters. Old Glory hangs over the door and there is a light in the window.

Note: One flag was stolen. Incident recalled to me the song sung when I was a small boy:

There's a light in the window for thee, brother,  
There's a light in the window for thee.  
Though its beams you may not see, brother,  
Yet there's a light in the window for thee.

#### Friday 12-13-1918

Up at four A. M. Called the fellows at 6:30. Breakfast at 7:00 A. M. Dried my shoes. Took long walk seeing Avenue Bellville market, one mile or more of everything. People look needy. Drink too much in my opinion, waste time. Their cupboards are always empty. Bought a French alarm clock. Upon the cement paved avenue in the center, lay in order and sometimes in confusion, everything imaginable, watched by its owner, old clothes, triukets, childrens toys, furniture, cheap jewelry, slices of pumpkin, live chickens, canary and other song birds, dressed chicken cut into pieces, so much for a leg or wing or its gizzard, the head and entrails laid on a paper is salable. A weeping mother trying to sell her dead child's clothing.

Note: Cold feet. There were no rubbers or overshoes to be had in Paris. How many soldier boys died from wet feet, nobody knows. Army pride I presume would not allow soldiers to wear rubbers, but at what price in lives of soldier boys. St. Helena, isle of Napoleon's exile, making ready to receive William Hohenzollern, ex-kaiser of the German empire, but the Queen of Holland permits him to remain at Doorn.

#### Saturday 12-14-1918

Up at 5 A. M. Three hours before daylight. Opened office. Tooted the auto horn to arouse auto ambulance drivers at 6:30.



Made up books. At 9:15 called Sergeant Mars. Took subway at Louis Blanc for Palais Royal. Went to Tuilleries Gardens. President Wilson arrived at this point of the parade at 10:30 A. M. French soldiery three columns deep barred the crowd which was very large. Walked to Place de la Opera and watched the people. Many American and English soldiers on streets. "Eecce homo," "behold the man," some one said. Vive Wilson shouted the throngs. With him rode President Poincare followed by Clemenceau and other high dignitaries, military, political and social. People hilariously enthusiastic in their receptions of the pacific prophet who insists upon a peace treaty that will end all war. I rejoice to be an eye witness of such a notable occurrence in the world's history. Dinner at French restaurant. Back to Louis Blanc in subway at 4 P. M. Talked with French children at hotel door. Gave them gum and candy. It did not rain today.

Note: When President Wilson came to Paris his welcome was dynamic and dramatic. No potentate, so the French people with whom I talked said, had ever received such a gracious welcome—a spontaneous outburst of appreciation for the noble American Commoner who had done so much for their country and humanity. The noisy plaudits of centuries given kings and queens never equalled it in sincerity.

#### Sunday 12-15-1918

Up at five A. M. Bought a French newspaper. All I can get in this part of the city. Gave Sergeant Buckley a franc to buy English or American papers downtown. No church, no anything in Paris for most of people. Shops open. In afternoon visited Tuilleries. The gardens are located on the site of a former tile (tuiles) factory. Beautifully laid out spaces. Flower beds, fountains, and monuments, replace a former palace which was partially destroyed by communists in 1871 and later torn down. The Gardens extend from the Louvre to Place de la Concorde. A free promenade.

#### Monday 12-16-1918

At Louis Blanc Hotel all forenoon. Makes French maids hustle to feed hungry ambulance and truck drivers at noon hour. In afternoon went downtown on surface street cars. Got on at Louis Blanc station and off at Place de la Opera.

Saw President Wilson and his wife as they passed in the cortege. Col. E. M. House was with them. This was a second ovation largely attended by the ladies who blocked the sidewalks. Walked home and wrote to wife. Sent her French papers.

Note: Woodrow Wilson dressed in a black frock coat and high silk hat with his wife riding in an open auto passed along boulevards heralded as the deliverer of France, the triumphant savior of civilization from destruction, the peace leader of the world and finally to be reviled, scorned and belittled by selfish American politicians because of his ideals. Nevertheless what he accomplished will always remain a part of our nations glory.

Tuesday 12-17-1918

No 4 rue Louis Blanc, Paris, France. Here is where I stay in the ancient hotel now known as Louis Blanc Barracks. In afternoon went to Place de la Opera and walked back on rue Lafayette as I did last night for I need the exercise. Bought tooth paste, vaseline, and shoe polish at Louvre Department store. Mailed wife a map of Paris. Little trouble to make oneself understand in the large stores.

Wednesday 12-18-1918

At Louis Blanc. Downtown in afternoon. King of Italy in Paris and I mingled with the crowd. Finely dressed men and women on streets. Large assemblage lined Champs Elysées. Shop windows held lavish displays of sparkling jewelry and fine clothing. When a king with his retinue is the city's guest such a showing is undoubtedly appropriate. Another cavalcade with a king at its head traversed the boulevards. The people cheered but not all of them. Glittering steel kept everyone at a distance from the Italian Roi. Got lost on the streets which is a common occurrence, but kept talking a mixed jargon till I made the natives understand.

Thursday 12-19-1918

In office. Settled with Miss Robertson. Paid her money collected from transients. No mail from home since arriving in Paris. But I am not the only one.

Note: Miss Robertson said to be a Scotch lady, was well acquainted with Paris, spoke several languages, had given

freely of her money and time to help the Red Cross work. She was treasurer of certain funds and overseeing matron of hotels.

#### Friday 12-20-1918

In afternoon took subway to Neuilly and left Lieut. E. T. Bentley's watch to be repaired with jeweler there. Then to tailor shop but suit was not ready. Walked to Place de la Opera then home. Some boys are getting to be bats, owls and night hawks. Captain Fellows with us for dinner. Bought an ivory handled Sheffield knife for five francs. The one I had carried for many years I loaned and it was not returned then I started to use a fine one given to me by A. R. C. and it was stolen from my desk. Complained to Mrs. Bauer, the matron, about knife being taken and she said these girls from the devastated regions would pick up anything of value. Should be careful about small articles.

#### Saturday 12-21-1918

In office all forenoon while Sergeant Mars slept. Duties kept him away all last night. Mailed papers to friends at home. Went to Buffalo Park and drew two weeks wages, one hundred and forty-one francs sixty centimes. Walked home on Lafayette St. Man putting up more stoves in hotel. Gave two waiter girls a franc apiece. The little French charcoal heaters with a two-inch stove pipe do not dry damp clothing of the ambulance chauffeurs, so it is necessary to put in still more big coal heaters. Waiters and chamber maids have nearly all lost relatives in the French army. Many are widows, poverty stricken. Our boys are generous tipping them with money, also giving small presents. I often act as valet for the coal bucket. These French never before knew the comfort derived from a red hot stove on a raw rainy day. Extravagant Americans they exclaim.

#### Sunday 12-22-1918

Rain and fog all day. Lamps light. Sergeant Mars and I moved to a room on third floor, quiet place. Wrote to wife and sister. Sent French papers to Professor Hukil of Waterloo, Iowa, for students of the language. Paris people do not observe Sunday like Americans. Presume they carry on the same now as when the battles were raging. Mud and wet.

City lights in our arondissiment failed and the A. R. C. at Louis Blanc generated electricity for hotel with gasoline engine.

Monday 12-23-1918

Started day at five o'clock. Sergeant Mars slept until one o'clock. He remains up late at night while I retire by nine P. M. and arise early to get ambulance and auto drivers started to their work. Bought and read French newspaper. Called on tailors at Avenue Emmanuel III. Suit too small, a new one to be made. Went to A. R. C. commissary and purchased small articles for various persons at hotel. Visited Lafayette Galleries, a department store. Collected six francs from transients. Miss Robertson called at hotel. These tailors pretended to make suits but the truth is they can go to the American Commissaries and buy ready made khaki ones which will fit applicants and call them tailor made. Believe we get better goods. In my case they failed to find a suit that would fit and finally really made one.

Tuesday 12-24-1918

Visited Bellville market place. After dinner, followed elevated line to the Church of the Basilica or Sacred Heart Church, not finished, services being held. These churches in France belong to the state and not to the Roman Catholic church so I am told. The Roman congregations rent them for a small sum yearly. Captain Fellows here for dinner. Wrote to wife and mailed her "Almanache." A Christmas eve in Paris, nothing doing, the people celebrate New Years, I am told. Saere-Coeur church has been under construction since 1875 and is still unfinished. Stands on the high hill called Montmatre and the domes and graceful campanile are visible for many miles around. Stepped on the moving escalator and rode to the top of the hill for a penny. The huge bell is, after the Kremlin bell at Moscow, the largest in the world. From the domes and terraces one has a magnificent view of Paris and the surrounding country.

Wednesday 12-25-1918

After breakfast got into an old war battered auto with several of the boys and rode from Louis Blanc Hotel to Borghese Barracks. Had lunch. Took a long walk out Avenue



Neuilly to the west. Crossed Seine river on bridge and on towards St. Cloud to a monument, Defense de Paris. Gave two little girls fifty centime pieces. They did not seem to know what Noel or Christmas was. Went into a movie in the suburbs, American cowboy play, then back across Seine bridge east to Borghese Barracks. Had savory Christmas dinner. Came to Louis Blanc on street cars. A. R. C. busy yesterday distributing presents to the needy and giving food to the emaciated. The Christ still feeds the hungry as by the Galilean sea. Yet I did not hear the story of the Child in the Manger or the Star of Bethlehem or the Three Wise Men from the East. The little town of Bethlehem forgotten here.

Thursday 12-26-1918

At hotel in forenoon attending to my office duties. In afternoon went downtown. Shop windows beginning to make displays of valuable articles. New fur coats. Red fox neck-pieces appear to be very popular, strings of pearls, glittering diamonds of great value.

Friday 12-27-1918

Illiterate degenerate Paris. In this quarter it would seem a moral and educational uplift was needed. A century needed to transform such a people. I write of the Apache district where before the war many criminals lived in the sewers safely hid from police surveillance. Saw some soldiers in khaki shinning down an alley. Army deserters or perhaps A. W. O. L. that is absent without official leave. Many soldiers would get lost in the big city and overstay the time granted in permits.

Saturday 12-28-1918

Usual office work in forenoon and down to business sections in afternoon. A bunch of experienced mechanics came from St. Cyr Barracks and were given rooms at Louis Blanc. These men come from the vicinity of Omaha and Denver. Are mostly mechanics and cow boys and physically a splendid lot of fellows. Are generous with candy, tooth paste, toilet articles also jellies and preserves brought from the United States. Remarkable how the Americans crave for confections from home. Presumably comparable with King David's longing when hid from the Phillistines in the cave of Adullam, troubled and

thirsty, he said, "O, that some one would give me a drink of water from the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate."

Sunday 12-29-1918

A general holiday in Paris. Sergeant Phillips and I took a long walk. Poverty and ignorance everywhere in this part of the city. Many residents make noisy profession of being infidels. Religion smothered by levity. Western fellows on streets in evening and some of them drank cognac and in a short time were hilarious. When they returned to the hotel about midnight they were a noisy bunch and had to be guided to their rooms. Of course some were obstreperous and wanted to fight. The racket awoke me and I went to the assistance of Sergt. Mars. Today the quarrelsome ones apologized and said they did not realize that cognac would put them into a fighting mood or make them drunk so quickly. Worse than American whiskey.

Monday 12-30-1918

Called at tailors rue Emmanuel III. Many A. R. C. men getting new uniforms. No mail from home yet. I have written a letter to my wife every night. Censorship too strict seems to me. Local residents appear to have no joys in life except in physical dissipation. Perhaps a common condition in all the big cities of Europe involved in the war.

A newly arrived doctor from the United States at mess proceeded to give other diners a dissertation on the food value of spinach. Cheers, jeers. Throw him out of dining room. Put him in St. Anne's and feed him on spinach.

Note: St. Anne's was the large city jail of Paris a part of which was used by the Americans and in which was confined army deserters and all kind of trouble makers.

Tuesday 12-31-1918

Went to bed early in evening. Did not wish to mingle with the drinking crowd. Heard glass smashing and many harsh voices on streets. Dashing rain came and it was quiet. And so the year ends in Paris. The land of leeks and onions to disguise disagreeable tastes and odors. This section is filled with debased populace, wine drinkers. Finis 1918 as the French say. It was a night of roystering for the denizens of Canal Marten district. A. R. C. men took little part in the

carousals. Where there were no iron shutters the large windows were smashed. Communists, anarchists, Apaches of Paris furiously raged against the laws of organized society. But for the fact that most of the able bodied men of this section had been killed on the battlefields, the ignoble mob spirit would have been greater. Sunrise in Paris at 8:08; sunset at 3:57.

## JANUARY

Wednesday 1-1-1919

American Red Cross, Louis Blanc Barracks or Hotel, Quartier de la Villette, 4 rue Louis Blanc, XIeme Arrondissement, Paris, France. Clerk and Treasurer. My diary is made of war time paper. Bought at Magasins Reunis, cost two francs twenty-five centimes. French holiday. More general observance than Christmas day. Routine office work. Papers say Gen. Pershing sent words of gratitude to Evangeline Booth for the work done in France by the Salvation Army. Reports from the Rhine show the food situation very serious. The treaty between Germany and Belgium is only "a scrap of paper" said Chancellor Bethman-Hollweg, Aug. 14, 1914. S. O. S. Thought for this New Year's day:

We will not bow beneath the load of life.

Nor shall we haste before the whip of time.

The voice of victory sings through all the strife

And cheers our work with words sublime.

S. FRANCIS HARTLEY

Sunrise 8:08. Sunset 3:58.

Thursday 1-2-1919

Sun shone and dried off streets. Long nights and short days. Went to Place de la Republique headquarters of the various English organizations. Talked with their soldiers on duty for different purposes, also their Red Cross workers. English girls, Tommywaacs, operate autos for their soldiers. There seems to be a sort of enmity between the Americans and the English and each remain in certain sectors of Paris. Read Paris editions of Chicago Tribune. Signs on many buildings reading "Abri pour personnes," meaning, 'a place of shelter for persons from German shells.

Friday 1-3-1919

Wrote out hotel report and gave to Lieut. Roche. Got my

alarm clock from jeweler but it does not ring right yet. Remained up late to help Sergt. Mars who went out for evening. Turned fifty-eight francs over to Miss Robertson. Visited Invalides for fourth time. Edifice founded by Louis IX, as a home for disabled and aged soldiers of the Napoleonic Wars. Now a war museum and holds collections of ancient and modern weapons, uniforms, cannons, flags, airplanes and many trophies of the World War. Napoleon's tomb rests under the high dome.

#### Saturday 1-4-1919

Alarm clock worked. This agenda, diary, is silk covered but paper is poor. Good writing materials cannot be bought. President Wilson in Rome presented with a mosaic of St. Peter by Pope Benedictus VI also two copies of the canon laws.

Note: Later when I went to work at A. R. C. headquarters at Hotel Regina, the clock was left with Mr. Wells, my successor at Louis Blanc. What became of it? It was the rattler which roused me from my narrow cot, with its marsh grass filled mattress, about 5:00 A. M. in order to get hotel work started. Maids to prepare breakfast, clean halls and arrange the bedding. The drivers of autos and ambulances met all incoming trains to care for American soldiers, take them to hospitals, hotels or wherever they might wish to go. Many American officers visited Paris who were not acquainted with the city.

#### Sunday 1-5-1919

Rained all day. Very quiet in hotel. Retired early. It is night all day in Paris. Fellows spending their money.

Dice throwing frequent. James Harrington cleaned the gambling bunch one night recently and brought me the money, about five hundred francs. Said he wanted it sent home. Next morning I went to Equitable Trust Company of New York, Paris Branch, and bought a draft for him, payable to his sister which was mailed to Chicago, his home.

#### Monday 1-6-1919

Will learn French numbers and days of the week through keeping this diary bought at a store in Place de la Republique. Sergt. Mars went to Borghese Barracks at Neuilly to visit Sergt. Burnette before the latter starts back to Chicago. Two



of Sergt. Burnette's sons are in hospitals here fearfully mangled by shell, yet living. He is not permitted to see them in France and goes home on a different vessel. The tragedies of war. Kismet. News of the death of Theodore Roosevelt received. It was expected he would visit Paris soon. Took in eighteen francs cash for lunches from transients, fifteen francs charged on books. Gave Miss Robertson seventy-two francs.

#### Tuesday 1-7-1919

In office all day while Sergt. Mars slept. Made loan to Capt. Young. Has been appointed to a station in Vosges sector. President Wilson visited and spoke at Turin, Italy, on his return trip from Rome. Crap shooters huddle in action tonight.

Note: Capt. Young made a long auto trip to the front, caught cold and was quite sick with pneumonia. After recovering returned home. A genial comrade.

#### Wednesday 1-8-1919

Assisted in hanging a large American flag in front of hotel. Usual crowd of A. R. C. men also soldier with a few French for dinner. Walked to Place de la Republique then to Place de la Opera, then home to Louis Blanc. Bought hair quinine and gloves for Sergt. Mars. Mrs. A. accidentally cut her hand. Loaned her a new linen handkerchief to bandage it. Loans are keeps with many French maids.

#### Thursday 1-9-1919

Pleasant duties in hotel but I have to be alert and persistent. No mail from home since coming to Paris and it is two months today since our company got aboard the *La Lorraine* in New York Harbor. Not a single letter has been received by any member of Company B to date. Several have cabled home to ascertain why the long delay. It is found to be caused by the red tape in handling the mail. Apparently every piece is censored.

#### Friday 1-10-1919

Went to business district and got new uniform from tailors at rue Emmanuel III. Visited Trocadero a magnificent modern structure standing on the north bank of the Seine river. A great oriental building with a round center and two high minarets erected for the Exhibition of 1878. It has a large

concert hall with a wonderful organ and museums of sculpture. The gas lamp lighter starts his work at 3:30 P. M.

#### Saturday 1-11-1919

Big rush at noon lunch. Took in ninety francs. Nice day which is to say it did not rain. New French housekeeper came. Anxious to learn to speak English language. Husband killed at Verdun. Walked along canal Marten. Women in flat boats or on banks washing clothes in icy water of canal. A Frenchman blind in one eye to whom I gave a fruit cake taken from my holiday box on Christmas day brought me a small piece of a German shell. Very heavy. Out of the sky Good Friday at St. Gervais, he said, mostly in sign language.

Note: On June 6, 1919, the day I left Paris on homeward trip workmen were just starting to repair damages done by the long range guns of the Germans to the ancient stone church of St. Gervais. It stands near the north bank of the Seine. Shelled March 29, 1918. Good Friday services were being held and some seventy-five people were killed and ninety injured by exploding shells fired from cannon some sixty miles away. Ceremonials were under way, the altar duly lighted by flickering candles to be extinguished one by one as the services progressed to commemorate the death of Christ. The organ sounded and the chorus was about to begin the lamentations of Jeremiah. A sudden crashing startled the worshipers. A shell from the Hun's guns had struck the roof. Those killed were mostly children. Cannon was located at the forest of St. Gobain. Bombardment continued for about one week when the big guns were located by the Allies aircraft and destroyed.

#### Sunday 1-12-1919

Paid Sergt. Tim Buckley twenty-five francs for puttees. Gave kitchen maids tips seven francs fifty centimes each. Money donated by the boys. Mr. Phillips gave me fifteen francs for Mr. Repperts puttees which were left with me to sell. World's Peace Conference opened. President Wilson in Paris. Early this morning while the streets were dark and quiet a French woman, presumably going to her daily work and perhaps patriotically enthused over President Wilson's presence in Paris, passed the barracks singing in strong and vibrant tones the Marsellaise, the national anthem of France,

the French people's song of freedom. Its striking words and moving music have made a victorious common people from the Revolution to the defense of Verdun and to final triumph in this war. I assume the singer was one who had seen better days, perhaps on the stage or in some chorus, one who had suffered bitterly from the war, for intoned in every word was the exalted and triumphant spirit of victory.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!  
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid ye rise!  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,  
With hireling host, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Chorus

To arms, to arms, ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death!

### Monday 1-13-1919

Gave Mr. Reppert fifteen francs received from Mr. Phillips yesterday for puttees. Mailed French newspapers to Prof. Hukil for West Side Public Schools, Waterloo, Iowa. No mail from home has been received by the boys. Complaining. President Wilson gone to Rome to be guest of Italy's King, Victor Emmanuel. A depressing ballad had been sung by the soldiers when in the trenches and they sang it in earnest variously worded.

I want to go home, I want to go home,  
The shells they whistle, the big guns roar,  
I don't want to fight the Huns any more.  
Take me back over the sea to my own countrie.  
Oh my, I shall surely die, I want to go home.

It was changed into a plaint by Red Cross workers to run—

I want to go home, I want to go home,  
The shells don't whistle  
The cannons don't roar,  
I don't want to drive a truck any more.  
Take me over the sea  
Where Paris girls can't woo me.  
Oh my! what if I die?  
I want to go home.

## Tuesday 1-14-1919

Went downtown to see American Red Cross dentist. Dated me to call Thursday at 3 P. M. On metro to Borghese Barracks and bought new cap at commissary and some A. R. C. badge pins for the maids at Louis Blanc Barracks. Hotel girls have little or no jewelry and it pleases them to possess A. R. C. pins which show they are in the employ of the Americans. A. R. C. dentists are busy doing work, for all classes of Americans connected with the army, free of charge.

## Wednesday 1-15-1919

In afternoon took walk on rue Fauberg du Temple. Am studying French language with the stewardess who has charge of all groceries and food supplies. She invited me to visit the cellar, a real French cave or rather prison, as the entrance ladder could be withdrawn. It is said hospice drunks were confined in this cellar and if one died the body was put into a big sewer connecting with the basement and it would be floated into Canal Marten, then to river Seine. Heavy wrought iron bars at windows. Cleaned mud off shoes, a common task.

## Thursday 1-16-1919

At hotel desk in forenoon. In afternoon kept my date with A. R. C. dentist at his office rooms near the Madeleine. Two teeth repaired. For the first time saw the sun rise in Paris. Shone over house tops and church domes. Studied French lesson in Graphic. Marshall Foch suggests some new armistice terms.

## Friday 1-17-1919

Sergt Mars out last night with friends and I remained up until one o'clock A. M. Made a roaring coal fire to overcome, if possible, the extreme dampness in office and dining rooms. Fired "Frogs" who were swiping hotel coal. Received my first letter from wife which was dated December 14, 1918, over one month on way. Sergt. Mars also received letter from home. A very nice day considering it is Paris, France, the land of no sunshine, at least in the winter time. President Wilson is not here as a conqueror but for the healing of the nations. Forty different plans suggested for a league. I covet the hooded capotes the policemen and many citizens wear on rainy days. Dark blue with an oil cloth lined shoulder



cape which can be placed over one's head when a sudden shower comes.

### Saturday 1-18-1919

In afternoon walked to Place de la Republique. Talked with English soldiers. A Paris fog is nothing compared with a London fog they say. Also took in sights along rue Fauberg du Temple, the street of sorrows. A. R. C. driver hilariously drunk came to barracks late at night trying to sing the Star Spangled Banner. Said he had heard a French girl singing it. World's Peace Conference opened. President Poincare made opening address. President Wilson proposed Georges Clemenceau for permanent chairman. Lloyd George of England talked. Events of world wide import are enacted daily. For the future, what? Time will disclose. Remaking of the subjugated and broken nations. Boundary lines. Racial lines. New maps.

Note: At the final adjustment of boundary lines by the Peace Conference the following submerged countries of Europe with the remnants of their respective races of people were resurrected and re-established,—

Albania	Jugoslavia
Czecho Slovakia	Latvia
Esthonia	Lithuania
Finland	Poland

### Sunday 1-19-1919

Alarm clock stopped but I was up at usual time. Forgot to wind it last night. Why? Drivers brought me some choice wine. Found in a cave near battle lines, they said. Very possible. Gave kitchen women six francs each, tips. Wrapped up and mailed home some illustrated French papers. These frugal French let no crumbs fall from their tables. The soup soured, a little vinegar was added and it was called sour soup. Waiters assured the boys it was delicious nutriment, however, very little was eaten. Humming old religious chansons these maids go about their duties momentarily forgetting the sorrows of war. They are generous with the little courtesies which imperceptibly gladden life.

## Monday 1-20-1919

A white frost in Paris. The wine drinker who was fired from the hotel for being drunk recently begged to be allowed to come back. Not permitted. Sent home to U. S. Went to Gaumont Palace to movie in evening. American play and partly an American audience. The chef de claue, a hired applause maker, stirred up a little enthusiasm and then there was a fifteen minute intermission to allow the thirsty ones to gather around the wine tables to gossip, perhaps to discuss the play but more I believe to display their fine clothing. No free programs. Cost a half franc and the usher expects a tip in addition. Luncheon for President Wilson at Luxemburg Palace. French papers say the Kaiser should be tried in court for crimes committed against France and her people.

## Tuesday 1-21-1919

Bought French and English papers. Mailed letters for guests at local P. O. After dinner rode downtown in auto with Sergts. A. W. Marqua and Payne. Bought candy, etc., at U. S. commissary. Lieut. Anderson left barracks to live at Hotel Richmond, 11 rue du Helder, Y. M. C. A. hostelry for officers. Sergt. Tim Buckley transferred to rue Borghese Barracks. On streets in evening with a leal [?] army friend. A star shot from heaven earthwards like a shell from an airplane but no one shudders now.

## Wednesday 1-22-1919

After office duties went downtown with Sergt. Payne and Marqua in auto. A sight seeing trip around Paris. Saw a vitiated boulevard stroller grab up a half burned cigarette an American doughboy had discarded and rapturously puff the remainder into smoke rings. He may have been a marquis. Papers say the Kaiser is sawing wood to keep his castle warm in Doorn. German autocracy broke when the Kaiser fled to the refuge given by Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. Gen. Pershing called to Paris to serve on joint commission. When the war started in Europe there were twenty-seven countries all told and the inhabitants of these countries represented seventy nationalities.

## Thursday 1-23-1919

Office work kept me busy in forenoon, in afternoon took a

walk along Canal Marten wearing long brown gauntlet gloves I brought from U. S. Auto gloves. French people here do not seem to have any extra clothing for cold weather. Homes of poorer classes. Goose for dinner and a crowd. Received third letter from home. English coal miners threaten to strike, papers say. I am informed the coal we use in hotel comes from England and costs \$70 per ton. A French teamster with the profile of a mule who was abusing his half starved horses near barracks because they could not move a wagon heavily loaded with structural iron, received a vigorous reprimand from some Americans. The horses were fed and rested standing in the street. Then the load moved on. The drivers excuse was that they were wild army horses from Russia and balky.

#### Friday 1-24-1919

Sun shone all day. Cheerful after the long gloom. Capt. Ford scolded the cook. She bawled him out for being late at dinner time. Sergt. Flower who had been left in charge of St. Cyr barracks here for duty and left with a convoy going to Coblenz, Germany. Street car strike in Paris. Dorothy and Florence Cromwell, twin sisters and A. R. C. workers, after embarking at Bordeaux to go home, leaped from the steamer *La Lorraine* and were drowned in the Gironde river.

#### Saturday 1-25-1919

Cold drizzly day. Stayed up late to help Sergt. Mars. Boozing and gambling. Three letters from home. At a session of the Peace Conference in the Salle de la Paix President Wilson made a notable address in favor of a league of nations. Georges Clemenceau opposed the idea of forming such a league. European leaders civil and military would dismember Germany and divide her territory. Wilson firmly combats the suggestion. Can Wilson tame the French tiger? War, royalty, bigotry and oppression live in the same castle and ride in the same chariot. Such should be dethroned by an intelligent people, executed and interred in the same tomb.

Note: In another address on February 14th at the Foreign office President Wilson disclosed his league of nations plans.

#### Sunday 1-26-1919

Snow falling all day and I remained in hotel. City lights failed and Capt. Ford put an electric generator into operation

which furnished illumination for the barracks. Boys gave me eight hundred eighty francs to put in bank for them, to be returned on demand. President Wilson in auto visited Chateau-Thierry, Belleau Woods and Rheims. This evening jocund Joan came into the office with a package in her hands and said "open this magnum of wine and fill the jorums." Order obeyed. Always cheerful aged Joan generously bestows those little courtesies which, continued through life, have a happy effect upon the countenance and diffuse a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age. Replying to our flatteries Joan answered, Selah.

#### Monday 1-27-1919

Went to Equitable Trust Co. and placed eight hundred eighty francs in bank. Bought one hundred dollar draft for Fred Bellamy to send home. Snow melting and streets are sloppy. Passing autos splatter walks and windows in the narrow lanes. Midenettes shod in high heeled shoes and silk hose cross the wet streets daintily and dry footed. Visited Louvre a noted public building and museum. In 1857 Louvre and the Tuilleries, the royal gardens, were united into one campus. Most of the tragic and beneficent events of French history have been enacted in the immediate vicinity. The Louvre Museum contains the richest and the rarest art treasures of the world.

#### Tuesday 1-28-1919

Went to business section of city in afternoon. Very muddy and disagreeable on streets. Most of the granite block paving is set on clay base and when it rains the blocks are loosened and when vehicles or pedestrians pass over them the weight shoots dirty water in every direction. One of the elderly hotel ladies showed me a photo of herself taken when she was a girl, beautiful. Now she is aged, wrinkled, bent, garrulous, but her hooked nose is unchanged.

#### Wednesday 1-29-1919

Remained in hotel all day. Snow and cold wind. Lieut. E. T. Bentley getting ready to go by auto to devastated regions. American Red Cross is now closing some of its auto stations and canteens located near the former battle fields. Two A. R. C. men have recently married French girls. This makes it



necessary for them to secure rooms outside of the barracks. The men know very little French and the girls less English. Cupids pranks.

#### FATE

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,  
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought  
Each of the other's being, and no heed.  
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands,  
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,  
And all unconsciously shape every act,  
And bend each wandering step to this one end—  
That one day out of darkness they shall meet,  
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

SUSAN MARR SPAULDING

#### Thursday 1-30-1919

Gave Louis Blanc Hotel financial report to Lieut. Roche. Rode over to Place du Clichy on subway after lunch. English soldiers numerous. Double deck farm wagon loaded with fat white hogs and drawn by four skinny horses passed hotel. In evening walked over Canal Marten to Louis Blanc center. Observing a crowd collecting in a large restaurant lobby, I followed. Two Apache women were having a rough and tumble fight. The gathering crowd cheered. Each combatant seemed intent on damaging the others clothing. Coats and dresses were torn, then each made a lunge for the others hat and onto the floor went both hats, then hair pulling started which brought shrieks from both fighters, then one made a two handed grab at the others hair and got her scalp, a very fine wig. Hairless she dropped on the floor and the fight was ended. Fighting over their lovers, a common occurrence, said a native.

#### Friday 1-31-1919

Usual routine of hotel office work. Lieut. Hoelze brought me a German gas mask from Verdun. Drivers of trucks, ambulances and autos bringing to Paris from all over the battle field sections war relics of every kind. Most of them are sent to United States by mail or express. The charge is about fourteen dollars to express home a German gun. Postage on a helmet seventy-five cents each. Mostly German, French and Italian are sent home.

## FEBRUARY

## Saturday 2-1-1919

No ground hog day in France, never heard of it. Gave maids their tips twenty-five francs each to waiters. Smaller amounts to other helpers. Announced President Wilson will visit Brussels. The German colonies, Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine and Arabia are not to be returned to the Huns, is finding of the Powers Conference. The flotsam of France seem to appear at A. R. C. headquarters and make solemn inquiries about some lost relative or friend and then pass on. Whither the quest? No home or a desolate home because someone is gone, no word, no trace. When the German drives were on more than four hundred thousand men, women and children fled into Paris, where they received food and shelter for a short time and then were scattered all over southern France. Dark days.

Sunrise 7:42. Sunset 4:46.

## Sunday 2-2-1919

Thick mist. Street lamps hardly discernible. Took a short walk on rue Louis Blanc. A quiet Sunday for ambulances. Drivers got a little amusement from a French phonograph which had been bought with proceeds of a collection. Only a few records and they were mostly dance music. Hear the question "Do the Germans know they are licked?" "Has militarism been dethroned?" Peace Conference busy.

Its Woodrow here and Woodrow there,  
Just Woodrow Wilson everywhere  
And Woodrow, Woodrow can you spare  
a little time today.  
For nothing is exactly right till  
Wilson says, O. K.

## Monday 2-3-1919

Sergt. Mars went to rue Borghese Barracks to see about new uniform. On my hotel job all day and late at night. Letter from my brother, Barnette A. Wilson, Kirwin, Kansas. He asked that I send him a few relics from battlefields. After the last German retreat war relics of even small value were quickly salvaged. Unexploded shells of various sizes and weight remain corded like wood along the roadsides but informed persons know how dangerous they may be and do not

touch them. French soldiers are at work removing and destroying explosives. German Junkers active trying to keep alive the war spirit in their country. A letter from an American mother to A. R. C. "tell me about my son." I wrote: buried at Meuse Argonne cemetery.

Tuesday 2-4-1919

Went to Equitable Trust Co. at Place de la Opera and deposited eight hundred forty francs belonging to the boys. Got several drafts for those sending money to U. S. Mailed small A. R. C. flag to wife. It was given me by one of the drivers who was going home. He stated he had carried it on his ambulance since early summer 1915 and had been careful to keep it out of the rain. That it had traveled all over the battlefield of northeast France and he would gladly take it home with him but it would be too much trouble. Visited a shop where pearls are sold. Loquacious proprietor knew his pearls. He said a string of beautiful pearls should only encircle a beautiful neck, then both are doubly beautiful. Beautiful pearls are marred by an ugly neck and a beautiful neck is made hideous by cheap pearls.

Wednesday 2-5-1919

Seven new men came over from rue Borghese Barracks. Assigned them rooms. Rained hard. Indoors all day. Keep fit for service is a sort of a motto everywhere but somehow it appears to me as though personality wins over hard work. A young girl with a basket of tiny bits of coal gleaned from the barracks ash box standing on sidewalk looks toward this hotel with a grateful smile. Streets are the backyards of most French homes. The front yard is a court inside the block. Undersized children, scantily clad, with faces prematurely old pass by.

Thursday 2-6-1919

In hotel all day. Sergt. Mars went to tailors to get measured for new uniform. Bought a receipt book at a local book store. Had difficulty in making French clerks understand my wants in their language. In speaking French one may use correct words but fail to accent properly. Chancellor Ebert of Germany says "We are done forever with princes and nobles and all royalty." I find some misfits among the A.R.C. personnel.

Vaudeville actors, concert hall singers, kid glove clerks fail to function satisfactorily. The real helpful laborers are the fellows from the shops and farms who know how and are willing manual workers. Again I meet some excellent maiden ladies, the good angels of their home towns, who are restless and fickle wasting time about questions of decorum and morals while the "young village cut-ups" laugh at conventionalities and snap into their tasks with a smile of happiness that is cheering. War has no behavior code.

Friday 2-7-1919

A four-inch snow fall. French in no hurry to remove from sidewalks. Appear to enjoy shuffling through the white drifts. Children snowballing just like American youths. The Huns howling because of the demands made by allies. Trying to avoid indemnities. Claim Germany is bankrupt. Boundary lines of the European nations of today and of nations long crushed that have been resurrected are in the fire and on the anvil and will be heated and pounded and twisted and made to run over mountain ranges and through valleys forming a new chart of Europe before a treaty is signed. A fascinating occupation but in the future fearful consequences may follow. What about the self-determination of these mixed peoples?

Saturday 2-8-1919

Raw day. Natives say February is usually the most disagreeable month of the seasons. Got up in night and ordered some revelers to their rooms. A carousal in a nearby wineshop.

Heinies sang:

Ja: When we reach Paree, so near  
We will drink the Frenchmans beer

Doughboy sang:

You never reached the gay Paree  
But ran for home, bon gré mal gré

Frogs sang:

Oui: When we reach the vineyard Rhine  
We will drink the Bosche's wine

Doughboy sang:

You never reached the castled Rhine  
Nor ever drained a German stein

Red Cross Chorus:

Beer and wine, have a stein  
Living in Paris is mighty fine.

CAROL DE CAROUSAL.



Sunday 2-9-1919

Several chauffeurs hilarious last night and created a disturbance. Cognac too strong a liquor for new arrivals. Most of them apologized this morning and stated they did not realize such a tiny glass of liquor would unbalance them so quickly. Wrote to Nathan Choate, my nephew, in the army stationed in central France. American soldiers are dying at Brest and other seaports, the truck drivers say, poor shelter and sanitary conditions unspeakable.

Monday 2-10-1919

Deposited in bank nine hundred sixty-five francs for boys and myself. Talk of more war. Germans are dissatisfied. A soldier at Palace de Glace for noon lunch gave me some rhymes about battlefield experience, emotions and the end:

My old tin hat's a feelin' mighty small  
If 'twas only bigger into it I'd crawl  
My feet feel heavy and my knees are a 'shakin'  
My body fearful and my eyes a 'blinkin'  
I bite my tongue every time I speak  
I haven't slept for most a week  
Bosche bullets make me fear  
The end of my trail is mighty near  
In No Mans Land it's rattle and clang  
I hear the shells a 'bursting zip, whizz BANG.

And he had told his buddies:

Bury me in a shallow grave  
Put a white cross over my head.  
And radio home to my parents dear  
Your soldier son is dead  
He disappeared in a chariot of shell flame  
Like Elijah of sacred history.<sup>2</sup>

Tuesday 2-11-1919

Went to rue Borghese Barracks and A.R.C. Commissary and bought clothing. President Wilson received the Prince of Wales at the Murat Mansion. Walked past the edifice on my

<sup>2</sup> Those words tell the story of the boys who died, for many were blown to atoms. Dead soldiers bodies were placed in shallow graves where they fell and a cross of their nationality erected over their transient resting place. Later the American soldiers' bodies were taken from their temporary sepulcher and placed in the permanent American Soldiers cemeteries and every grave correctly marked and records made by row and number. See Congressional Record of September 26, 1929, which gives names, organizations and complete grave location of those who were made living sacrifices for their country by militarism during the World War and now rest in the permanent American cemeteries of Europe. Report of Hon. Lloyd Thurston, Congressman from the Eighth Iowa District in the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

way home. Guards galore. Women buyers in the vegetable market haggling over the price of a pumpkin or a mess of spinach.

### Wednesday 2-12-1919

Capt. Fellows informed me that I was to transfer from Louis Blanc hotel to work in an office at Hotel Regina, now American Red Cross headquarters. Thanked him for the promotion. Took a long walk to Hotel de Ville, a city hall. Passed some very ancient buildings apparently erected as forts and prisons and no doubt often occupied by citizens as places of refuge during various revolutions. Ebert of Germany says at Weimar "We will combat armed domination by force to the utmost and found our democracy on a basis of what is morally right for all our people." Lloyd George says "Germany has lost all right to her colonies." Too many scheming pied pipers here tooting their horns for followers. Opportunists.

### Thursday 2-13-1919

Fire broke out in one of the large rooms on second floor, occupied by several chauffeurs about 4 o'clock A. M. Perhaps bedding of a cot ignited from big open fireplace. Mattresses and blankets were burned and one drivers clothes destroyed. The smoke from burning articles filled halls and upper floors. No one injured and those on lower floor not awakened. While inmates of the room who had been joined by others were fighting the fire, a French fire engine arrived carrying about a dozen firemen, pompei, the French called them. Instead of immediately attaching hose to hydrant and throwing water into room, the firemen's captain leisurely took a book from his pocket and proceeded to call the roll of firemen's names. This delay so incensed the inmates that they proceeded to throw every article out of the windows onto narrow sidewalk and into the street and some of the burning blankets fell upon the engine. Captain wrote some data in his book and drove away. It was found a heavy oak sill near this fireplace was burning. Sergt. Mars deserves credit for his calm conduct during the exciting moments. What might have proven a serious fire was quickly controlled. About fifty people were in the hotel at the time. Several of the maids groping down

stairway from third floor where smoke was dense were nearly suffocated.

#### Friday 2-14-1919

Capt. Fellows said I might be ordered to report tomorrow for new duties at Hotel Regina. A.R.C. headquarters. Am satisfied here at Louis Blanc Barracks yet will welcome a change. Packed my luggage. Mailed home some pumpkin seed. Pumpkins are used by many families in this section of the city. A cheap food. Stewed pumpkin and rye bread, the diet of many poor people. President Wilson in an address at Foreign Office disclosed his plans for a League of Nations. Received an ovation. Plan denounced by Clemenceau, favored by others. The right of self-determination. The battle of Armageddon for human rights.

Note: The final triumph of Wilson's ideas over a host of opponents stands as the greatest political and moral achievement of the war. He saved Germany as a nation and restored civil political freedom to subjected people in many sections. Made a new map of Europe.

#### Saturday 2-15-1919

Lieut Roche, overseer of barracks department, said he could not release me for a few days from work at Louis Blanc, so will have to remain longer. President Wilson left Paris on morning train for Brest and sailed on steamer George Washington for U. S. Stated he would return to Paris later.

#### Sunday 2-16-1919

A Sunday dinner the boys seemed to appreciate. Bought glass American jam from recent arrival. Paid one franc thirty-five centimes for it. For Chauffeur R. D. Carlisle who is sick. At Y. M. C. A. and bought candy to give poor children living near hotel. They danced with joy to get the sweets. Armistice agreement amended by a new understanding regarding Poland.

#### Monday 2-17-1919

R. D. Carlisle taken to hospital. Helped him to get ready and down stairs to ambulance. Drowsily he asked, am I going home, and I answered, yes, soon. Taken to American Hospital at Neuilly. A sick man.

Nobler and better far is he who stakes his all  
And takes his loss or gain as the chances fall  
Than he who folds his hands and idly waits  
Till the shadows gather darkly about his gates.

### Tuesday 2-18-1919<sup>1</sup>

After luncheon rather about 4 o'clock P. M. orders came from headquarters to pack my possessions and move to Borghese Barracks. Did so and was assigned to same room I occupied previously in December, 1918. Small Italian boy also has cot in room. Says his people are all dead and he wants to go to the United States.

Note: This boy spoke several languages and possessed artistic genius. He had followed the armies of various countries finally reaching American lines and in one engagement carried water to the wounded, thereby winning the good will of an American officer who cared for him and finally placed him with A.R.C. in Paris, with the wish that he might be assisted in getting to the United States. Being a dependent no one would sign the necessary guarantees required by emigration laws. Later I learned he became a protégé of Elsie Janis, the actress.

### Wednesday 2-19-1919

At 9 o'clock A. M. reported to Hotel Regina for new duties. Capt. Fellows initiated me with introductions to several officers and stenographers. Dictated letters to English stenographer who spoke the French language fluently. In evening went to Louis Blanc and gave several of chauffeurs checks for money which had been left in my care and which I had placed on deposit in my account at the Equitable Trust Company bank. Tipped five dining room maids two francs each. Dressed boil on one maid's neck. It was infected from wearing an old brass chain which she had fetched from her former home in the devastated regions. She said it was her only piece of jewelry. Had lost her family and friends in the frantic flights toward Paris to escape the terrible Bosches. Premier Clemenceau shot seven times by Emile Cotton, anarchist. Not fatal. With others went in auto to the scene of the attempted assassination on rue Franklin. A plain brick house.



## NOTABLE DEATHS

MARLIN J. SWEeley was born in Dallas County, Iowa, on a farm in Washington Township, December 18, 1857, and died in Twin Falls, Idaho, February 20, 1939. He attended high school in Adel, finishing under John B. White, principal, and after teaching for a year or two he graduated from the law department of the state university. He practiced law and in 1880, was elected clerk of the court for Dallas County and served four years. Having removed to Storm Lake he was elected county attorney. He later became attorney for the Farmers Loan and Trust Company in Sioux City, and in 1901, was elected to represent Woodbury County in the 29th General Assembly.

He removed to Twin Falls, Idaho, in 1906, and engaged in the practice of his profession with his son. He became active in business and public affairs, and was sent to the Idaho state senate in 1910. He sponsored a law that made a state park at Shoshone falls, which is the pride of the state. He was member of the Masonic lodge and other organizations. He was married March 28, 1879, to Alice J. Slocumb, of Albany, Ill., niece of Judge S. A. Callvert, of the circuit bench, and their son, Everett, survives. His wife died in 1927; Mr. Sweeley was married to her sister, Mrs. Geneva Lewis, who died in 1935. He was an able lawyer and good legislator in two states.

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EDWARD K. PUTNAM, museum director and administrator, died in Davenport, May 22, 1939. He was the son of Charles E. and Mary L. Putnam, and was born in Davenport, November 17, 1868. Educated in the public schools of Davenport, he later attended Illinois College, Jacksonville, Illinois, receiving his A. B. degree in 1891. From 1891-96 he was engaged in newspaper work in Chicago, Detroit, and New York, during which time he did some graduate study in the University of Chicago. In 1899, he received an A. M. degree from Harvard University. From 1901, to 1906, he was an instructor in English at Leland Stanford University.

His first direct association with museum work and its related fields began in 1906, when he was called to Davenport to assume direction of his brother's estate, William C. Putnam, and to take charge of the Davenport Public Museum, a chief beneficiary of the Putnam estate. He continued in charge and in close relationship to the museum from that date until his death. In many fields the collections in the Davenport Public Museum are of outstanding excellence and compare favorably with any museum in the country.

Mr. Putnam is survived by his wife and son, and by two brothers.

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JAMES S. CARPENTER, contractor and lover of art, died in Des Moines, April 5, 1939. He was born in Waterloo, Iowa, in 1871, removing to Des Moines with his parents when eight years old. Educated in the public schools of Des Moines and at the State University of Iowa, he early entered his career as a building and construction contractor, first as the Iowa Bridge Company, later as the J. S. Carpenter Construction Co.

Although construction work was his business, it is fair to suggest that art was his absorbing passion. Mr. Carpenter early expressed a keen interest in art, and studied it in his spare time, going abroad at one time to study in France. As his collections grew he came gradually to possess one of the best collections of etchings, lithographs, and paintings in the middle west. He was the leading spirit in the founding of the Des Moines Association of Fine Arts in 1915, and was its first and only president, serving up to the time of his death in that capacity. He was one of the trustees of the J. D. Edmundson estate, which provides for a generous bequest to the art association to which Mr. Carpenter gave so much of his time and interest.

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REYBURN L. RUTLEDGE, former state representative and a leading Webster County farmer, died suddenly in Fort Dodge, August 26, 1939. The son of John L. and Carrie Rutledge, he was born on a farm near Fort Dodge, in June, 1888. He was educated in the public schools of Fort Dodge, and attended Iowa State College for three years. His career was devoted largely to farming since 1912, when he was called from college by sickness in the family. In 1926, he was elected to the first of three successive terms as representative from Webster County in the state legislature, serving from 1927 to 1933, in the 42, 42 extra, 43, and 44th General Assemblies. At the time of his death he had just begun his duties as state inspector of county homes, a position to which he had been recently appointed.

A world war veteran, Mr. Rutledge served seven months in 1918, in the aviation units. The year previous he had married Mabel Mears. He is survived by his wife and four daughters.

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CHRISTIAN SEVERIN SALVESON, Lutheran minister, died in Forest City, December 31, 1938. He was born in Houston County, Minnesota, February 25, 1858, the son of Rev. Knud and Mrs. Bertha Salveson. He first came to Forest City when his father assumed a charge there in 1878. After his education at the Breckenridge Institute, Decorah, Iowa, and at the Lutheran academy, Marshall, Wisconsin, he taught school two years, from 1882-84. The next two years he attended the Norwegian Augustana Theological Seminary, Beloit. In 1887, he was ordained in the Lutheran ministry at Rushford, Minnesota. After holding several charges in Minnesota and Wisconsin, he served as president of the Augustana College at Canton, South Dakota, now located at Sioux Falls. After one year in that position he came to Forest City to serve a congregation. In 1903, he helped to found Waldorf Junior College in Forest City, and served one year as its first president. The following year he went to take charge of a church in Sioux Falls, remaining there until 1910, when he returned to Forest City and again became associated with the junior college. Leaving the city in 1916, he engaged in farming in North Dakota until 1923, when he returned to Forest City for the fourth time, where he remained until his death. He is survived by seven children and one sister.





